

THE
Wonderful, Surprising and Uncommon
VOYAGES
AND
ADVENTURES
OF
CAPTAIN JONES,
TO PATAGONIA.

RELATING

His Adventure to Sea. His first landing, and strange combat with a mighty bear. His furious battle with his six and thirty men, against an army of eleven kings, with their overthrow and deaths. His relieving of Kemper Castle. His strange and admirable sea fight with six huge galleys of Spain, and nine thousand soldiers. His being taken prisoner, and hard usage. His being set at liberty by the king's command, in exchange for twenty-four Spanish captains, and return

for England. A comical description of Captain JONES's ruby nose. Part the Second. His incredible adventures and achievements by sea and land, particularly his miraculous deliverance from a wreck at sea, by the support of a dolphin. His several desperate duels. His combat with BAHADAR CHAM, a giant of the race of OG. His loves with the queen of NO-LAND, and safely leaving her. His deep employments, and happy success in business of state.

All which, and more, is but the Tybe of his own Relation, which he continued until he grew Speechless and Died.

With his **ELEGY** and **EPITAPH.**

The **SECOND EDITION.**

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VOYAGES

ADVENTURES

OF

CAPTAIN JONES

TO PATAGONIA.



The following is a list of the
names of the persons who
were present on board the
ship during the voyage.
The names are arranged in
alphabetical order.
The names of the persons
who were present on board
the ship during the voyage
are as follows:
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THE END OF THE FIRST VOLUME

PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAULS CHURCH-YARD

1795

Printed by J. Johnson, St. Pauls Church-yard
London

FAME's windy trump blew up this haughty
mind,

To do, or wish to do, what here you find :

'Twas ne'er held error yet in errant Knights

(Which privilege he claims) to dress their fights

In high hyperbolies : for youth's example,

To make their minds, as they grow men, grow
ample.

Thus such achievements are assay'd and done,

As pass the common power and sense of man.

Then let high spirits strive to imitate,

Not what he did, but what he doth relate.

To the READER.

REader, you've here the mirror of the times,
 Old Jones wrapp'd in his colours, and my
 rhimes.

Receive him fairly, pray, nor censure how,

Or what he tells; the matter he'll avow.

And for the form he speaks in, I'll maintain it,

It comes as near his vein as I could strain it.

For 'twere improper to set forth an ass

Caprison'd, and pannel a great horse.

My part claims no invention's praise; for (know it)

Where ere there's fiction in't, there he's the poet.

His last deeds here epitomiz'd, intreat

Some thundering pen to set them forth compleat.

Let him whose lofty Muse will deign to do it,

Drink sack and gunpowder, and so fall to it.

After

After Captain JONES his great Conquest in
the INDIES, these Verses were engraven
on a Pillar of Gold, in the famous City
of CHIAPA.

HAvacun ! at siquinta, rucar, ruchaquil, a bolom,
Rutsi nutsiquin Jonos, quintacque Britanno;
In rutisba Dios, cbiru narapata tiquita,
Xalocobia nalog quinquimi, nava tinuloc,
Cbaquil Ruchaquil, Don Spanos, Cacaracarta
Inra Ixnulocesh Europon quincol amolob,
Cbinaloconta nucam quiti Cbicata Chiapa,
Mecoacana mani quinrapbi tilcona rutat,
Inrurapa cochor vilcat Cacunta, Cbalocob
Havocobia ruvat, Rixim car nucar avixim,
Ixlocon-bita quimac, avix inreca corochi,
Pan Nutsi nuchac, quinrochi nutisba Chino,
Cbi pam Rumolobimac, numac taxa veronquil
Cbyrvo capat quiro vinac navecata mansquir,
Cbilocoontho Navos nutatqui Coave-caca,
Quinvani vilquin Xinvi nucamca tiviso.

By the assistance of Mr. Gage his rules to learn
that Indian Tongue, called Poconchi, thus
faithfully and verbatim translated into Eng-
lish.

HO passenger ! Behold, read, understand,
Great Jones a Briton conquer'd all this land;
In thirteen days twelve Kings he overthrew,
And millions of savages he slew :
At last the Spanish Dons, with all their force
Of Indian foot, and European horse,

Sur-

Surpriz'd him near Chiapa, where he stood
 Five hours in fight cover'd with fire and blood ;
 And in that furious conflict all his men,
 Who were once thirty-six reduc'd to ten ;
 With those few blades, and his own mighty arm,
 He did repulse them without spell or charm :
 Then to his ship retreated ; and to shew,
 'Twas glory and not gold he did pursue ;
 Of all the spoils he took but one rich cup,
 And as much gold as made this pillar up.

This monument stood undefac'd 1588. But immediately after was demolished by the envy of the Spaniards, and the gold converted to other uses.

E. LL.

On the Revival of Captain JONES.

WHY shak'st thou coward hand, do'st drop
 the pen,
 Honour'd to limn the prodigy of men ?
 What means this strange surprisal that unknots
 Thy joints, possessing them with palsy'd fits ?
 Who dares (dread hero) offer to thy fame,
 (Without Apollo's call) must feel the same.
 Mov'd by pure zeal to honour, thus I run,
 A young enthusiast the priests among,
 Trembling to pay my mite. Welcome once more
 To us, Great Britain's Mars ; our joys run o'er,
 To see the truth of a platonic year
 Confirm'd in thee ; so bright do'st thou appear,
 Deck'd with thy valour's rays : poets (who can
 Make gods) have rais'd thee up thou god-like man.
 What brave revenge had'st th' ad on thy old foe,
 Had'st thou but breath'd our air some months ago ?
 Thou, and thy six-and-thirty set on shore
 In Hispaniola, would'st have acted more
 Than

Than was (I blushing write it) done by ———
 And ——— with their ten thousand men.
 I acquiesce, and leave to higher forms,
 Thy stern deportment in all fights and storms,
 Who draw at large, and well; my single hint
 Is a portentous act in a small print
 Reward those who again have made thee breathe,
 With laurel ta'en from thy victorious wreath;
 I have enough t'entitle me to fame,
 Who both a Briton am, and of thy name.

H. I.

*A Supplement to the famous History of the truly
 valiant and magnanimous Captain JONES.*

LOOK to yourselves. I see his marble frown,
 His threat'ning ashes challenge their renown,
 Expostulating thus. Durst your narration,
 Omit those noble acts of admiration,
 Which I perform'd, when Æolus deny'd
 Me his assistance 'gainst the struggling tide?
 Never was martial man affronted worse,
 Tyrone had brib'd him to retort my course.
 Some wish'd me sent to Lapland for a wind,
 Nay that I scorn'd, I had enough behind;
 Turning my postern, I sent forth a blast
 That tore the sails, and crack'd the sturdy mast,
 Hurrying my frigate with such force, that it
 Ran on a shelve, and so was like to split.
 'Gramercy policy, this I foresaw,
 For such mischances I had help at maw;
 I'd drank an ocean up of English beer,
 Which (wanting water) I made use of here;
 I turn'd my conduit pipe o'er deck and spouted,
 And fill'd the shore, so that Saint Patrick shouted,
 And

And cry'd, my friends this is no time for mirth;
 Oh honey! a deluge comes to drown the earth!
 Obstructions being removed in this sort,
 At length I landed in an Irish port,
 And thought it wisdom, before they came to treat,
 To stay my stomach with a bit of meat.
 Seeing a cook hang up a stall-fed ox,
 I bid him roast him quickly, with a pox;
 'Twas quickly done: as soon as off the spit,
 My valiant grinders snapt it at a bit;
 Sooner than one could turn his hand about,
 As when a pickrel swallows up a trout.
 The cook's amaz'd: what quoth I, thou thief,
 I do not eat, but barrel up my beef;
 I can lay up a whole one and a half,
 The Ox that Milo carried was a calf:
 Sirrah make haste, get me some more meat dress'd,
 To fortify the castle of my breast.
 I mean to feed as dromedaries do,
 Both for the present and the future too.
 Thus terrify'd, my foes ran to the bogs,
 And there were metamorphos'd into frogs;
 I speedily destroy'd that croaking faction,
 Then could no longer live for want of action.
 Death, nature's beadle, took me by the hand,
 And said, Grand Captain I thee now disband,
 Abstract of valour, let thy name be blest,
 Lye down within this tomb, and take thy rest.

R. LL.

On Valiant J O N E S.

COME see the man, whom mountains bred,
 Who talked high, as he was fed.
 No court like milk-sop train'd to th' fiddle,
 But ye and i' th' region call'd the middle.

There

There Captain Jones his cradle chooses,
 More dangerous than that of Moses ;
 For that was watch'd by Pharaoh's daughter,
 The De'el a nurse did him look after,
 Or he for them : come wolf or goat
 Who took the Nib, and fill'd his throat,
 Thence was ally'd to Brute ; near cuz
 By th' nurse's side to Romulus :
 And for his nimbleness and skipping,
 Remus (himself) could ne'er out leap him ;
 This, and the warbles of his throat,
 Came from the rennet of the goat
 Curdling his gutturals : his hair's
 All flaggy too, and rank as theirs.
 Which was resented, as was Mars
 Or Hercules for his black A——
 These were strange signs, and did betoken,
 What e'er was after by him spoken.

'Twas well the wars were done before,
 Lost in Llwellin and Glendore.
 Had Jones liv'd then, in vain th' affairs
 Of Saxons ; Wales had still been Wales.

Nay, had the Fates (but they deny'd,
 For Jones had neither bairn nor bride)
 Sav'd but his præpuce in Skink's fight,
 That spoil'd his skirmishes by night,
 No doubt an issue, not of's legs,
 But of his loins, for he lov'd eggs,
 Extremely to the very bowels,
 Would have out Vavasford the Powels:
 Content us therefore with those duels,
 Which no man did, or very few else,
 Related from his mouth : this Brit,
 As Cæsar did, could he have writ,
 What comments had he made ? what stories
 Of Irish wolves which now are Tories :
 This Frontispiece alas ! nay twenty,
 As big as this had been too scanty,

The elephant and's Pego-man,
 And Hobb on his Leviathan,
 Nay, what so ere old Inigo
 (His name-sake) could have drawn for show,
 Had been too small a scene; why then,
 No more, it shrivels up my pen.

ON THE

Wonderful Voyages of Captain JONES.

READER, be stout and credulous, for he
 Must have both courage and credulity,
 That reads this Poem; and to have enough,
 His soul should be half Cheverell and half Buff:
 For Jones such things doth talk, and such things do,
 As far transcend all faith and reason too.

That antient Poets, that in former times,
 Extoll'd their Heroes with undying Rhimes;
 Must go to school to learn of Jones, for he,
 At once both made and writ all Chivalry.
 There Homer and Achilles both must club
 To make one story, this must fight, that dub.
 Which asks Time, Charge and Danger; whilst bold
 Jones,

Does without either raise, and kill at once;
Tam Marti quam Mercurio, if he list,
 He could dispute, as well as fight with fist.
 With on Cuff-syllogism confute more men,
 Than Wit or Reason could convince with ten.

'Mong all the Giants whom he robb'd of breath,
 He has three signal Battles fought with Death,
 While Fame, that still hates living men, gave out,
 That Jones was conquer'd; and to clear the doubt,
 Employ'd

Employ'd the Wits with a lamenting pen,
In Epitaphs to kill him o'er again.

At which enrag'd he rose, and swore they lye;
Jones is not dead; I swear Jones shall not dye.

A B.

*Upon Captain JONES relating his own Ex-
ploits.*

LO here great Captain Jones! in whom do dwell,
Both Mars and Mercury, Gods stout and fell;
Thou, thine own Trump, dost with a valiant voice,
Both beat thy foes, and thy great conquests noise;
Thus thy Minerva lends thee speech and shield,
Wherewith thou all things mak'st unto thee yield;
Ajax, Ulysses, both in thee agree,
Thy valour and thy tongue alike are free;
Great Alexander's envy would have ceas'd,
Nor would Achilles' fate have spoil'd his rest,
Had but Jones's Poetry inspir'd his soul,
To whom, the blind man Homer's but a fool;
Homer cou'd only his borrow'd fancy write,
Jones cou'd do more, both strangely fain and fight
Cæsar of all the Worthy's most like thee,
He did both fight and tell's own History.
Which yet compar'd with thy relation,
Seems but an old thread-bare narration;
So between both, how vast's the difference,
Jones doth all Cæsar's baffle, and all sense.

B b 2

I. V. Oxon.

Qn

On the Same.

AWAY with Fictions, short of our stout man,
 The Poet must now turn Historian;
 His fights, his fights, his fights, his victories,
 His conquests, his trophies, and yet no lies!
 What wars were they when all each battle fell,
 But Jones, and he surviv'd, his services to tell!
 When he relates the story, an enemy
 Truth fears to be, left in contending she,
 Too late learn due subjection; thus the tide
 Forces the waters that would gently slide:
 When our great Jones, had quite subdu'd the land,
 He boldly puts to sea; but here's a stand;
 The sea of such an adversary proud
 To try'm, its waves into a storm doth crowd.
 Jones leaves his ship, he scorned such a flood,
 For he had often swam in streams of blood;
 He then such tempests rais'd with arms and back,
 That th' very ocean did fear a wreck.
 Yet he would die, that th' shades might of him fear,
 And learn, by mortals woe, great Jones to fear.

N. H.

Upon the incomparable valiant, Captain JONES.

WHEN I do read thy Travels, Jones, and see
 Thy Fights, thy Victories, thy All, and Thee,
 I stand engag'd 'twixt wonder and delight,
 That I can neither think, nor speak, nor write.
 My faith thou puzzl'st, and invention too,
 'Tis monstrous strange! but these things thou did'st
 do;

Alcides,

Alcides, Hector, are out-done by thee,
 Thy History hath foil'd all Poetry.
 Poor Hector! he by his own valour's lost,
 But thou surviv'st, and dost thy triumphs boast,
 Herc'les, we know, hath his Non ultra found,
 But to thee, Jones, nor earth, nor sea's a bound;
 The world from east to west, from north to south,
 To eccho forth thy fame's but one wide mouth.
 The earth, great Jones, grows fruitful in thy praise,
 And all her care's to crown thy head with bays.
 The sea pays homage to thee, and roars out,
 Brave Jones's name, who's greater far than Cnute.
 Neptune to thee his trident doth resign,
 The whales cry out with trembling, We are thine;
 And proud of thy command, they swell the main,
 For thy great sake thronging into a train;
 Then Spain does yield to thy fierce heat; thy might
 Prostrates their doughty Don, Diego height;
 Thy arms so tofs'd that vap'ring Admiral,
 As if had nought been but a Tennis-ball.
 Thou did'st Bears, Lions, and such Monsters quell;
 By thy strong hand the sturdy El'phant fell.
 Ere the bright sun peep'd from his eastern bed,
 Eleven Kings before thy feet, brave Jones, lay dead.
 What work would'st thou have made in one whole
 day,
 Had'st thou but found for thy Killzadog play?
 How such exploits, so strange, thou could'st archieve,
 None ever yet could tell brave Jones, and live.
 Poor mortals we! the Fates have thought it fit,
 We should in wonder spend our days and wit.

P. D. Qx.

HAVE

HA V E you not heard of Jones, that man of wonder,
 That brought Don Dege and Mac-kilt Cow under?
 And when he had 'um there agreed, being wise,
 To run away before that they should rise?
 For 'tis a maxim; If youl'd be secure,
 Still make the reliques of a conquest sure:
 Jones still kill'd those that fled, and only those;
 For such tuff fellows as withstood his blows
 He scorn'd and spar'd; thinking it base to beat,
 A stubborn enemy that won't retreat.

'Mongst all those blustering Sirs that I have read
 (Whose greatest wonder is that they are dead)
 There's not any Knights, nor bold Atchiver's Name,
 So much as Jones's in the Book of Fame:
 They much of Greece's Alexander brag,
 He'd put ten Alexanders in a bag:
 Eleven fierce Kings, backt with two thousand Louts,
 Jones with a ragged troop beats all to clouts.
 But sure it was a conquest by compact,
 For he could never be accus'd of fact:
 And yet no story a Romancer sings,
 That ere exploited more stupendous things;
 Quixote a winged Giant once did kill,
 That's but a flying tale, believ't who will:
 This were but pretty hardship, Jones was one,
 Would skin a flint, and eat him when h' had done.

Had Jones but been alive and seen the pudder,
 Berwixt Briganza's Legate and Anstrudder;
 When the fierce Portugal in high bravado,
 (Storming th' Exchange with pistols and granado)
 Put the poor Pego-mongers to a rout,
 And their beloved Baubles flung about:
 He'd not have fawn'd upon him like a spaniel,
 Jones would have kickt the dog into the kennel;
 And sight of darkness made his head ring noon,
 For daring to pluck honour from the moon:

H' had

He had died no other death, for furious Jones,
Once flesh'd, would kill ten such and make no
bones.

He once had an encounter with a lion,
(Though most believe he never durst come nigh one)
But as the Author says, and I believe,
Both bravely fought, and many wounds did give
Each other, 'till the beast in woeful dumps
Worne out, (for Jones had fought him to his stumps)
In honour of his fall and Jones's glory,
Died with meer age, and there's an end of th' story.

Many a tough adventure he hath had,
And like a true Knight Errant, ne'er a bad:
He foil'd great Asdriasdust in the twink-
Ling of an eye, as easy as to drink:
And yet as tough, and dry a fir, as ere was yok't
Unto a sword (Jones often wisht him chok't)
But yet of all the Giants that came nigh him,
There's Nerapenny stuck the longer by him;
For though his slender wounds made many doubt
him,

That threadbare Tearcoats he had still about him;
And if they say he had not, he's bely'd,
For he had ne'er a penny when he dy'd.

Jones had a valiant stomach, and would eat,
As well as fight, provided he had meat,
Else patience upon force took place, for Jones
Kept many fasting days, and made no bones.
But I'd not have you think it was for want;
For when he had no money, nor provant,
The fowl flew to his table, and the fish
Left the cold stream, and swam into his dish:
'Tis an old Proverb, (like to like they say)
Jones was a Cod's-head too as well as they.

But Jones, like a disease, both sexes smites;
For he wounds Ladies too as well as Knights:

He

He was so trim a youth, the Queen of No-land,
Thought him some Princely Shaver come from
Poland ;

And so he prov'd indeed, for by Guds duds,
He most unkindly left her in the Suds ;
Jones like a Wiseacre begg'd to be spar'd,
For he had No-land, nor for No-land car'd :
If any ask you wherein lay his Grace ?
Venus lov'd Mars his Truncheon not his face.

To wind up all, Fame's Trump his Deeds doth
tell,
Although a sow-gelder's would do't as well.

W. T.

THE



The Wonderful and Surprizing

VOYAGES

OF

CAPTAIN JONES

TO PATAGONIA.

Sing thy arms (Bellona) and the Man's,
I Whose mighty deeds out-did great Tarn-
berlan's :

Thy trump, dire goddess, send, that I
may thunder,

Some wond'rous strain, to speak this man of wonder.

When fates decreed that Captain Jones should be
The life and death of men, they could not see

A place more suiting to bring forth this mirror,

Of martial spirits, this thunder-crack of terror,

Than some vast mountain's womb, whose rigid
rocks

Might form him, and foreshew the hardy knocks

Which he should give and take : nor were they nice

To think it base, that mountains bring forth mice ;

Since from a British mount, and Mars's stones,

They sent this man of men, 'stern Captain Jones.

Wild maresmilk nurs'd him on the mountain's gorse,

Which gave him strength and stomach like a horse ;

C

Goats

18 THE WONDERFUL VOYAGES

Goats flesh matur'd him, kill'd on craggy tops,
Which taught him to mount rampiers like those
rocks.

Ere eighteen winters fully waxen were,
This imp of Mars began to do and dare.
With Reymond, a stout brother of the sword,
He first attempted sea, and went abroad;
Two hundred strong, for the East Indies bound,
Fame was the only prize he sought or found.
Twice twenty days auspicious waves and winds
Lull'd them: then Æolus and Neptune joins
To work great Jones's fall. Envy and ire,
To see him more than man, made them conspire:
Rough Boreas whistled to the dancing ship,
The boisterous billows strove to over-ship
The bounding vessel. In this great disaster,
Reymond, the soldiers, mariners and master,
Lost heart and heed to rule; then up starts Jones,
Calls for six gills, drinks them off at once.
Thus arm'd at all points, yet as light as feather,
He ascends, and drew, and piss'd against the weather;
And are we born (my hearts, quoth he) to die?
Shall we descend? Thy immortality,
Neptune, thou must resign, if I come thither:
One sea may not contain us both together.
Nor waves, nor winds, could fright him with the
motion,

Who thought he could contain and piss an ocean.
His fatal Smiter thrice aloft he shakes,
And frowns; the sea and ship and canvass quakes.
Then from the hatches he descends, and slept
Into his cabin, drank again, and slept.
When these rough gods beheld him thus secure,
And arm'd against them, like a man pot-lure;
They stint vain storms; and so Monstrifera
(So light the ship) touch'd about Florida;

Upon

* The name of his ship.

Upon a desert island call'd Crotona,
 Where savage beasts and serpents live alone :
 Here Jones, whose needs would land, tho' Reymond swore
 Danger was in't, he laugh'd and leap'd ashore.
 Danger (quoth he) to them whom danger fright,
 My heart was fram'd to dare, my hands to fight.
 Some six and thirty more put forth to ground,
 These for fresh food, he for adventure bound ;
 They limit their return when three hours ends,
 Which Reymond, with the ship, at sea attends.
 These sea-sick soldiers, rang hills, woods, and vallies,
 Seeking provant to fill their empty bellies ;
 Jones goes alone, where fate prepar'd to meet him ;
 With such a prey as did unfriendly greet him ;
 A bear as black as darkness, and as fell
 As tyger, vast as the black dog of hell,
 Runs at him open jaw'd, so fierce, so fast,
 That he no leisure had to draw for haste.
 * Kilzadog, his good sword, with fist he aim'd,
 Alarm'd, a blow which sure the bear had brain'd ;
 But that between her yawning teeth it dings,
 The gauntlet there stuck fast, his hands he wrings,
 Unarm'd, unarm'd from thence, her foremost paws,
 The bear on Jones's shoulder claps, and gnaws
 The gauntlet wedg'd between her teeth : Jones
 clasp'd her
 With both his arms, and strove by force to cast her.
 And here they try a pluck, and grasp, and tug,
 And foam ; but Jones who knew the Cornish hug,
 Heaves her a foot from footing, swings her round,
 And with a short turn hurls her on the ground ;
 Then came his good sword forth to act his part,
 Which pierc'd skin, ribs, and rife, and rove her
 heart.
 The head (his trophy) from the trunk he cuts,
 And with it back, unto the shore he struts,

C. 2

Where

* The name of his sword.

20 THE WONDERFUL VOYAGES

Where Reymond was appointed to attend
 His and the rests return : but he (false friend)
 When they were once on shore and out of sight,
 Hoist sails to sea, and took himself to flight.
 Here Jones found fraud in man, and deeply swears
 Revenge on Reymond's head, the rest he cheers ;
 All safe return'd, but all in desperation,
 To see themselves left there to desolation :
 Nor grain, nor ground, but wild ; nor man, nor beast,
 But savage ; yet (O strange) here Jones doth feast
 His six and thirty daily, 'twas with fishes,
 Tost from his halbert's point into their dishes ;
 Wherewith he took them standing on the shore
 Out of the ocean ; whether 'twas the store,
 Frequenting this unpeopled coast, or whether,
 To see this wond'rous man they shoal'd together ;
 And so astonish'd, yield themselves a prey,
 To him from whom they durst not swim away.
 Be't so, or so, I'll not decide, but I
 Know Jones tells this for truth, who knows no lye,
 Thus from his weapon's point, nine months they fed,
 Till fate Sir Richard Greenfield thither led ;
 Who to America transports, with Jones,
 His six and thirty fish-fed Mermidons.
 To Insip were they brought and left ; oh then
 'Twas time, had they had meat, to play the men ;
 Their first encounter there with famine was,
 A dry and desert soil, nor grain, nor grass,
 Nor drink, but water had they here, nor bread,
 For thrice twelve months, but caves for house and
 bed.

Such living as that country could afford,
 Bold Jones was forc'd to win by dint of sword.

* Eleven fierce Kings possess the fertile tract
 Of this great coast, who all their powers compact
 To vanquish Jones : a brave attempt, 'tis true,
 Yet more than twice eleven fierce Kings could do.

Two

* Captain Jones encounters with the giants Astiria's dust,

Two thousand choice and doughty men they chose,
 To bid him battle, arm'd with darts and bows,
 And arrows fathom long, well barb'd with bone,
 Of some strange fish, which pierc'd through steel
 and stone;

And thus they came prepar'd. When they drew
 near him,

He brought his soldiers forth, and thus did cheer
 them;

My five and twenty friends (for only those
 Had fate and famine left) these darts and bows,
 Are fit to deal with fearful Crows and Daws;
 But us, whose hearts of oak and empty maws,
 Hunger's sharp dart hath pierc'd (and yet we stand
 To fright and foil our foes with sword in hand)
 These weapons cannot conquer, nor the number
 Were they two thousand such as John-a-Cumber.

Doth hunger bite you? bite your foes as fast,
 Eat these men-eaters (soldiers) kill and taste.

Would you gain glory? kill by six and seven,

If crowns of Kings, then here behold eleven.
 And this he spake and drew. With stomach fierce

They give the first assault. Now for a verse,

To speak great Jones's deeds, who headlong goes

Amongst the thickest ranks, cuts, kills, and throws,

Some by the legs, some by the waste he makes

Shorter; another by the lock he takes,

Reaps off his head, wherewith he brains another,

Then at one stroke, kills father, son, and brother;

Few 'scap'd with life, but strangely; happy those,

Which 'scap'd with loss of half a face or nose.

Nor may I pass his men, who cut and slash,

Like those that fought for life, not crowns or cash.

Want made them seem (which sure their foes dis-
 maid)

The very sons of death whose parts they play'd;

The Insips now no aim can take aright,

They think each foe they meet, a mighty spright;

And

22 THE WOODIERIN VOYAGES

And so they say, Six Kings he took, and kill'd.
Five, with eight hundred soldiers left the field;
Twelve hundred fell: for those that went off safe
Their heels, and not their hearts the praise he gave.
Unto their fullest towns, when he had kill'd them,
He brought his ragged regiment, and fill'd them.
Here on the river of Mengog they find
A wear with fish of wood'rous growth and kind
Where with a thousand herrings they were fed,
All two foot long besides the tail and head.

Here some may ask, what came of all the wealth
(For Jones brought nothing home besides himself)
This conquest gain'd, sure many precious things
Must needs attend the death of six such Kings?
I answer briefly, his heroic desire
Ascends above earth excrements as fire:
Nor can descend to crowns. The soldiers found
Much wealth, which in their home-return was
drown'd.

Still fortune favours Jones. Amidst this river,
He spies a sail directly bearing thither;
He calls, and finds them English, homeward bound,
Who for fresh water thrust into the Sound,
With these his men, and he for England comes,
Had England known it, all her guns and drums
Had been too little to express her joy,
As when victorious Hector enter'd Troy;
Yet ere he can attain his native coast,
Ere as like he must be tir'd and tost
With storms, till meat and water wax'd so scant,
That Jones drank nought but piss one week for want.
At last when they had cast out all their goods,
(To save themselves) into the furious floods;
The ship all bruis'd with sands, and storms, and
stones,
At Ipswich doth disburthen the sea of Jones.
England salutes him with the general joys,
Of court and country, knights, 'squires, fools and
boys. In

OF CAPTAIN JONES. T 13

In every town rejoice at his arrival,
 The townsmen where he comes their wives do swive
 all;
 And bid them think on Jones amidst this glee;
 In hope to get such roaring boys as he:
 Others this joy into a fury rapt
 To sing his praise, though elegant and apt;
 Yet mix'd with fictions, which he scorns
 known.
 Jones fancies no additions but his own;
 Nor need we stir our brains for glorious stuff
 To paint his praise, himself hath done enough;
 And hath prescrib'd that I should write no more,
 Than his good memory hath kept in store,
 Of what he did. Perhaps he hath or can
 Do more, but hides it like a modest man.
 His British expedition makes me his
 From his vagary to his chivalry.
 This Dukedom's confines pointing on the south,
 Great Keeper Castle guards on Morlig's mouth;
 Which key of Britain's (like Great Britain's Dover)
 Was well-nigh lost by siege till Jones went over,
 To dye or raise it; 'twas begirt by land
 With fifteen thousand. Four tall ships withstand
 All succours from the sea: against this force,
 He goes as boldly as an eyeless horse,
 With one small bark (the Shit-fire 'twas) a hot one,
 And save a hundred men was with him not one:
 But these were Welch blades, born for hacks and
 hewing,
 And car'd not what they did so they were doing.
 Thus like some tempests these four ships he frightens,
 His guns roar thunder whilst his powder lightens;
 And from his broad-side pours a shower of hail,
 Which rakes them through and through, ribs,
 masts, and sail.

Their

24 THE WONDERFUL VOYAGES

Their shot replies, but they were rank'd too high;
 To touch the Pinnacle, which bears up so nigh;
 And plays so hot, that her opponents think,
 Some devil is grand captain of the Pink.
 One English pirate with them, whilst he watches
 His time to shoot, spies Jones upon the hatches;
 And cries out, Ho, hoist canvass all at once,
 And fly, or yield; Zounds! it is Captain Jones:
 The man swore reason, and 'twas quickly heard,
 For, not a bullet, like that name was fear'd;
 They fly, he follows, but a partial wind,
 And wings of fear sav'd them, left him behind.
 To Kemper he returns him, and supplies it
 With fifty men, and victuals to suffice it
 Six months: the foes by land lose hope and heart
 To oppose this new supply, and so depart:
 Then on the gate this title was engraved,
 Jones rescued Kemper, and the Dukedom saved.
 Thus plum'd with laurel, Jones for England came,
 Where George of Cumberland rapp'd with his fame;
 Woos him to be vice-general of his fleet,
 Which Jones vouchsaf'd, because he was to meet
 Men like himself, the doughty Dons of Spain,
 Whose honour (or lose all) he vow'd to gain.
 And better fate in this design he wished not,
 Than to cope single with their great Don Quixote.
 Stay Muse and blush, and sigh and sing no more,
 Here Jones's mistress, Fortune, play'd the whore.
 Yet, whilst thou loath'd her lightness to rehearse,
 Let indignation make thee chide in verse;
 Ah deity! and blindly to go on so,
 From thy dear minion Jones, to John D'Alonso,
 Whose out and inside is no better mettle
 Than an old drum, or a base tinker's kettle.
 And tak'st thou him for Jones? that glorious boy,
 Whom Venus' self would kiss (were Mars away.)
 Well fickle goddess, if thou be divine,
 I'll swear, heaven hath like earth, light feminine.

'Twas

'Twas thus, this fleet cut through the western main,
 And so lay hovering on the coast of Spain:
 Jones led the front (as 'twas his custom still)
 The first in fight, last to be kill'd or kill:
 His ship went swiftest too, as did his mind
 On honour's wings: but, oh! an envious wind
 Fill'd all his sail, and wrap'd him in a mist
 From being seen, or seeing, ere he wist.
 And thus he lost his train, and cast about,
 And beat these seas five days to find them out;
 'Till in his quest it was his fate to meet,
 Don John D'Alonso with the Spanish fleet.
 This general bid amain, and Jones defy'd
 From cannon's mouth. The Don again reply'd
 "With four-for one. Ah Jones, had I my wish,
 "Some godhead should have turn'd thee to a fish,
 "Toescapethis dire assault; thou should'st not then,
 "Be taken like a tame beast in thy den."
 Nine thousand soldiers was the force that fought
 Thisday with Jones, whom six huge gallies brought,
 The stoutest boats to make a bold bravado,
 That were in Spain's Invincible Armado:
 Jones first commands his men to take their victual,
 He soldier-like drank much, and pray'd a little;
 Then tells them briefly, here's no place to fly,
 Come friends, let's bravely live or bravely die.
 By this the gallies had inclos'd him round,
 And sought to board him; but they quickly found,
 The ship too hot to grapple with so soon,
 And so bore off again, and paid her room.
 Then each by turn present her the broad-side,
 Which she repaid with int'rest, and so ply'd,
 That where her bullets pierce, whole streams of blood
 Spout through the gallies ribs, and dye the flood;
 The foes disdain thus long to stand in fight
 'Gainst one, and so press on with all their might:
 And now the storm grew hot, and deep in blood,
 "Mad rage had got the place where reason stood:"
 D Guns,

26 THE WONDERFUL VOYAGES

Guns, drums, and trumpets stop the soldiers ears,
From hearing cries and groans; and fury rears
This fatal combat to so strange a height,
That higher powers express th' effects of fright.
Great Neptune quak'd and roar'd, clouds ran and pist,
The winds fell down, and Titan lurk'd in mist.
Then belch huge bullets forth, smook, fire, and
thunder;

Their fury strikes the gods with fear and wonder.
One galley which two hundred slaves did row,
Affront the ship in hope to bulge her prow.
Jones gave her leave; but when she once came nigh,
One burst his murd'ring shot; here doom'd to die,
Down dropp'd the brave viceroy of Saint Iago,
Don Diego de Cordona and Gonzago.

Stones, chains, and bullets tare their passage out
Through men and galley, which soon tack'd about
In hope to get aloof; but Jones sent after
Two lucky shots, which light 'twix wind and water.

"In crept the quaking billow, where he spy'd

"Those holes, in hope its fearful head to hide;

"The galley like afraid, worse hurt, doth creep

"Into the trembling bowels of the deep;

"And so she sunk." Thus Diego, whilst he try'd

His force with Jones, with fifteen hundred dy'd.

Now Jones all breathless sat to take his breath

Upon a butt of sack, and drank the death

Of Don John de Alonso, which his men,

Pledge in a rowse, and so they fight agen.

Ninescore there were, but threescore now remain

To do or suffer, for the rest were slain.

The Spanish force distract 'twixt hope and fear,

Yet by their fellows fall forewarn'd, forbear

This hot assault, keep distance, and at Jones

Let fly their shot at random all at once,

Some half a cable short, and some flew o'er

The top-sail, some the stern and rudder tore:

One,

One, all the rest in fatal fury past,
 And all to shivers rove the master mast,
 Down fell the tackle, and the vessel lay,
 An English prison and a Spanish prey.
 Starboard and larboard-side, from poop to prow,
 They all let drive, and rak'd her through and through;
 All now but Jones and one man more were kill'd,
 Who cry'd, Now fight and die, or live and yield.
 Jones kill'd the first, the latter he besought him,
 Upon his knees, whilst by the knees he caught him
 Begging for life, a bullet took away
 His head, which when 'twas off still seem'd to pray;
 Out flew the head and bullet both at once,
 Between the manly thighs of captain Jones:
 Who look'd behind him, art thou gone (quoth he)
 Still may they die so, that cry yield to me.
 Now nought to him but blood and death appear'd,
 Death was his wish, captivity he fear'd;
 Which to prevent * Kil-za-dog forth he drew,
 And thus he spake, Brave Cato, Cato flew.
 And when victorious Brutus could not stand,
 He fell, but by his own victorious hand.
 Brutus, I am a Brute, and have thy spirit,
 Thy fortune and self-death I will inherit.
 Thus said, his sword unto his side he plies,
 Which his good genius stays and thus replies:
 Hold, Jones, reserv'd for thy country's good,
 Born to shed hostile, not thy home-bred blood,
 And know that self-death is the coward's curse,
 For, he that dies so, dies for fear of worse;
 The time will come when Irish bogs shall quake
 Under thy feet, whilst great O'Neale doth shake.
 I may not on thy future deeds dilate,
 Thy sword must right what is involv'd in fate;
 This know, in thy old age thou shalt impart,
 Unto thy country's youth thy martial art;

D 2 Teach

* This sword he won from the great and fearful giant Ne-reapeny.

28 THE WONDERFUL VOYAGES

Teach them to manage arms, and how they must
Make bright their swords, which peace hath
wrapp'd in rust.

Now Jones vouchsaf'd to live, not for himself,
But for his country's good and common wealth;
His scarlet cap he dons, with crimson plume,
And he ascends the hatches all in fume.
The musqueteers ambitiously desire
To hit this mark, and all at once give fire:
Some bullets raze his plume, his hair, his nose,
His velvet jerkin, and his sattin hose,
(The scars may yet be seen) yet draws he breath,
Fearless and harmless in the jaws of death.

The Spaniard now conjectur'd his intent,
By seeking death t'avoid imprisonment,
And so forbore to shoot, drew near and sought
To take the prey, which they so dear had bought.

Then Jones all raging throws into the main,
That sword which men and wolves and bears had
slain,

That sword which erst had drank the blood of kings,
Into the bowels of the deep he flings.

The ocean thrill'd for fear, and gave it place,
And greedy Neptune snatch'd it for his mace.

Then from the ship he leaps amongst his foes,
And so undaunted to Don John he goes,

Who bid him live; Don-like, but gave him breath,
Only to breathe in greater pains than death.

This shock had sent to Styx six thousand men,
Whose souls Don John to satisfy again,

Inflicts more servile punishments on Jones,
Than countervails six thousand deaths at once.

He beds on boards, is fed with bits and knocks,
Ape-like, barefoot, with neither shoes nor socks.

Hair shirt, blue bonnet, made a servile knave,
A lousy, dusty, nasty galley slave.

At last he brings Jones to the Spanish king,
And says: Great monarch, see this precious thing;

Six thousand of your bravest men he cost,
 Who to gain him alive, their lives have lost,
 Nor think the bargain dear, for here's a man,
 Can do and say more than your viceroys can.
 This praise was given him by the crafty Don,
 For fear his loss seem'd more than what he won;
 And so it did indeed, for Philip thought,
 Jones' inside by his outside dearly bought.
 To try he asks him, whither bound, and whence
 He was; and Jones replies, with little sense,
 Whether through fear or faining, he affords,
 To all the king demands, not three wise words.
 To try him further, in a goal they cast him,
 Which serv'd for nothing but to stink and fast in.
 And here it was his destiny to light
 Upon a learned priest, a jesuit:
 With him falls Jones to work. The sacred word
 His weapon was, for he had drownd his sword.
 Their question was of purgatory, where,
 And whether 'tis at all, if so, 'tis here
 (Quoth Jones.) For he half tir'd with pains would
 needs
 Go straight to heaven: And thus the question breeds.
 Jones was no schoolman, yet he bore a brain,
 Which ne'er forgot what ere it could contain.
 Yet this old priest so wrests the letters sense,
 Equivocates, denies plain consequence,
 Starts to and fro, and raiseth such confusions,
 That Jones' chief ward was to deny conclusions:
 But, do this subtil schoolman what he can,
 Such was the vigour of this martial man,
 Though he was no good disputant or text-man,
 Nor knew to spell Amen, to serve a sexton;
 Yet truth, with confidence and his strong fist,
 Doth first convince, and then convert the priest.
 Some talk of Garnets straw and Lipsius lasses,
 Whose miracles made many artists asses;
 But

30 THE WONDERFUL VOYAGES

But here's a miracle transcends them all,
An artist made wise by a natural.

Now England's court rings all of Jones his fetters,
And men of rank were soon sent o'er with letters,
To ransom him for gold, or man for man,
On any terms. The King with many a Don
Consults upon this point: one thought it fit
To deal upon exchange; some better wit,
Thought it more fit to keep this second Drake,
For so he term'd him wisely, and thus spake:
Armies are England's arm; Captains the hand,
Of this strong arm that rules by sea and land:
And of this arm and hand I think in sum,
This captive Captain is the very thumb.
This speech was short and sound, but could not go so,
Without th' opposing of old Don Mendozo;
Who lov'd and favour'd Jones, but knew not why,
(Nature it seems had wrought some sympathy.)

Pardon (quoth he) dread Sovereign, are we come
To talk of arms and hands and Captain Thumb?
From East to West our arms and armies reign,
And fear we now for one to re-obtain,
So many viceroys in the isle captiv'd,
For us, of light and almost life depriv'd;
Were Drake's and Candish spirit in this dragon,
Let not their future times have this to brag on,
That England's Queen did prize one Captain more,
Than Spain's great Monarch did his twenty-four.

His speech prevail'd, and so they all atone,
And twenty-four were ask'd and given for one;
All which had led great armies to the field,
And never knew but once, what 'twas to yield.
And thus was Jones dismiss'd; yet ere he go,
The King to grace him, made him kiss his toe.
Long may'st thou live old man, and may thy tongue
And memory, as thou grow'st old, wax young:
Then wilt thou live in spite of time, and be
Time's subject, and time thine t' emblazon thee.

Pardon

Pardon my forward Muse, striving to soar,
 A pitch with thee at mid-day tir'd, gives o'er;
 For, who can speak thee all (thou mighty man!)
 Not Greece's Homer, nor Rome's Mantuan.
 Thy Irish wars, thy taking great Tyrone,
 Whole herds of wolves kill'd there by thee alone,
 Thy several single duels with fierce men,
 And bears, all slain; and that dry journey, when
 Thou drank'st but what thou piss'd for thrice seven
 days,
 Which made thee dry ere since, then th' amorous
 ways,
 The Queen of No-land us'd to make thee King
 Of her and hers (Oh!) many a precious thing.
 Thy London widow next in love half drown'd,
 Which thou refus'd'st with forty thousand pound:
 Thy daunting Essex in his rash bravado,
 Raleigh's hard 'scaping of thy bastinado:
 Lastly, thy grace with thy great Queen Eliza,
 Who, had'st thou had the learning to suffice a
 Man, but to write and read, had made thee able,
 To sit in council at her Highness' stable.
 These trophies of thy fame, and myriads more,
 Kept by thy fertile brain for time in store,
 I leave unsung, and wish they may be writ,
 In golden lines by some more happy wit,
 Whose genius, 'till some fury doth inspire,
 Let me sit down in silence, and admire.

A copious

32
A copious Commendation of a RED NOSE.

LET him that undertook to praise
The French pox, and so many ways
Did prove that it is now-a-days

Commodious :

I say, let him a while give place,
For I will prove, a fiery face
Is to the owner no disgrace,

Nor odious.

Who hath a fiery face, that man
Is said to have a rich face, an
Rubies about his nose, none can

Deny it.

And all men know as well as I,
That what is rich, most eagerly
We covet, and no cost deny

To buy it.

Some have their cloathes fold from their back,
And some their lands, and some will lack
Meat, rather than good sherry, sack

And claret.

And they swear (and swear truth) that those
Which drink small beer, and wear good cloathes,
Do offer wrong unto their nose,

And marr it.

If in Rome's senate long-nos'd men
Were chose for wisest, tell me then,
Why these should not be praised, when

All men know,

A fiery face ne'er is without
A rich nose : and how far a snout
That's rich exceeds a long to doubt,

Or call men to
Dispute

Dispute or to capitulate,
This matter's not so intricate,
But any may expostulate,

And judge it :

And if judge truly he'll confess,
Fire-rich, exceeds long wife, I guess,
No man that hath true worthiness

Will grudge it.

Besides, the world knows this, that we

Affirm those gracious that we see

But blush, and call it modesty

In people.

A rich face always blushes, so

It doth all faces else out go,

As far as St. Faith's is below

Paul's steeple.

He that reads this, and does not say,

A fiery face hath won the day,

In judgment shews himself a boy,

And heedless.

Nor will I spend more words to shew,

What commendation men do owe

To Captain Jones his face, you know,

'Tis needless.

To the READER.

READER, read on: here you may happ'ly
 meet
 News, pleasing more, than what's cried in your
 street.

Jones is reviv'd; ne'er start; the danger's past;
 What he hath done long since, now makes him last.
 His last brave actions never sung before,
 We offer to your view, nor write we more
 Than he made good on oath: then, pray, believe
 What here you'll find: thus by your faith he'll live.
 Next, spare your censure on his Poet's stile;
 Had it gone high, his ghost had kept a quail
 To be surmounted: down-right were his blows;
 Down-right his speech, down-right to's grave he
 goes.

Onely his fame by your opinion may
 Make him still live, though now he's dust or clay.



The Wonderful and Surprizing

VOYAGES

OF

CAPTAIN JONES

TO PATAGONIA.

PART II.

*** I L L nothing please the taste of these
W rough times,
*** But rue and wormwood stuf in prose
or rhimes?
No verse to make our Poet's Laureate,
But smart Iambicks lashing King or State?
Must all turn Mercuries, these times to fit,
By poisoning Fame with their quick-silver wit?
That name that's got by some notorious ill,
And merit gives, is hateful to our quill.
But if the last brave acts of Captain Jones,
Which can move mirth and fear, and break no bones;
May be admitted in this ruffling age,
Behold him here re-mounted on our stage.
Yet know we still are ty'd to our low strain;
We must not once transcend his down-right vein.

And if you meet ought favouring of a lye,
(Reader believe't) 'tis Jones that speaks, not I.
We left him priz'd on Change, too dear 'twas
thought,

* Twenty-four Dons, and all not worth a groat,
Compar'd to him, though each had had command
Over great armies, press'd for sea and land.
Here see him shipp'd for his dear native coast;
Where e'er he comes you'll find he'll rule the roast,
With new found foes, who attempt his force to
shake;

But sleeping lions 'tis not wise to wake.

Now once more Neptune doth his waves enlarge,
Swoln big with pride, that fate had giv'n him charge,
And weighty convoy of this mighty man
To whence he came: but ere the ship had ran
Ten glasses out, comes Boreas with a cloud

As black as ink; the steers-man cries aloud,
Down with the top-sail, keep the sprit-sail tight,
Hail the main bowling. Whilst this mask of light,
Usher'd with lightning plows the angry deep,
High as her self in ridges, and as steep

As Cair's tall pyramids: the labouring ship,
Like a chaf'd bear with mastives, strives to keep
Her beak aloft: some billows she breaks through,
Others mount over her at poop and prow.

Jones heard this stir unmoy'd: from Neptune still
He hop'd no good, nor ever fear'd his ill.

Thus whilst the careful sea-men work and pray,

He careless, to his cabin calls his boy,

And makes him read to him the ancient stories

Of our old English worthies, and their glories;

How our St. George did the fell dragon gore;

The like atchievement of Sir Eglemore:

Topas † hard quest after th' elf-queen to Berwicke:

St. Bevis cow, and Guy's fierce boar of Warwick!

* Twenty-four Spanish commanders given in exchange for
him.

† Large mountains in Wales.

‡ Sir Topas, rhyme in Chaucer.

These

These stories read, exalt his haughty mind;
 Above the servile fear of sea or wind;
 The ship's hard state grew now from ill to worse;
 Between two hideous seas across her course,
 Her whole bulk groans; her beak and main-mast
 break.
 Shook with this shock, the springs a dangerous leak
 Which her fly-foe soon finds, and to begin
 Like a dire dropfy, drenches all within.
 Thus whilst a treacherous in-mate fills her womb,
 She's forc'd to be her own destruction's tomb.
 And overburthen'd with what bore her before,
 She's down-right founderd; and can work no more.
 Here might be seen the sad effects of fear,
 Which several ways in several men appear:
 Some cry'd, some pray'd, whilst others swear or rave,
 To leave the land to make the sea their grave.
 Jones swoll, with the brave actions of his knights,
 Big as the sea, ascends and Neptune cites
 To single combat: when a boisterous wave,
 Which Neptune sent to make him Neptune's slave,
 Whirls him a cable's length to sea, the ship
 Sinks with the rest, who give this world the slip.
 Well now, Sir Jones, 'tis time to shew your skill;
 You must swim stoutly for't, or drink your fill.
 No danger, frights thee, thou brave man of merit,
 Thy body is buoy'd up by thy blow'n spirit.
 As a grim sea-calf still presaging storms,
 Wallows and wantons in cold Thetis' arms:
 Just such is Jones: as if he had been bred
 With her, snapp'd fry within her watry bed.
 No ship for help, no land for hope appears;
 Horror of billows roaring in his ears.
 Nothing supports but confidence alone, as
 If some press'd whale must take up Jones like Jonas.
 At last (alas!) he finds he is no fish,
 His spirit 'gins to leave his treacherous flesh.

* Always portending storms when they are seen to play.

Con-

38 THE WONDERFUL VOYAGES

Continual labouring makes his limbs wax stark
And stiff with cold, his optic sense grows dark ;
Neptune insults, and brandishing his mace,
Makes his rude billows dash him o'er the face.
Now see the fate of noble resolution,
When Jones thought nothing but of dissolution,
Man's constant friend a gentle Dolphin * glides
Between his thighs, on whom he mounts, and rides
In post with mighty speed, through wind and
weather ;

So his kind fish holds out he cares not whither ;
Like a bold centaur bravely he curvets
From ridge to ridge ; 'twas strange, how fast he sits
In this rough road ; but Jones learn'd from his
cradle

To ride without a stirrup or a saddle ;
When on the mountain's tops wild mares he 'spied,
He suck'd them dry, and then straight up and ride.
At last at this high speed he gets the sight
Of land, so near, he's ready to alight,
When his kind fish much griev'd to leave the bur-
then

She lov'd so well, to sea again doth turn
With mighty speed, still Jones doth her bestride,
Believing now he should to th' India's ride.
Fain would he turn her, but he knew not how,
He never knew a bridle's want till now :
At last the faithful fish preferring higher,
Her rider's safety than her own desire,
She turns her course about with happy haste,
And so our errant knight on land she cast.
Some Spanish writers flatly do deny
He suffer'd wreck, and plainly term't a lye :
They say the ship that led this dangerous dance,
Was built by Lewis, King Henry's son of France,

* The Dolphin is always observed to be a lover of man.

And

And took that name from him, who bears that
name*;

As eldest son, who still is stil'd the same :

They write Jones got this ground t' augment his
glory,

And cheat the world with this stupendious story ;

But let the reader judge if this be true,

And know pale envy still doth worth pursue.

Well now to Jones again, we may conceive,

He was not ill apaid to take his leave

Of this rough element : nor did account it

Much worse to go on foot, than ride so mounted.

'Tis true, he rode this lofty fish in state,

But 'twas too near the boisterous fit of fate ;

He fear'd not fortune nor her wheel, tho' fickle,

Yet loth he was to be laid up in pickle ;

Or that his manly limbs should be a feast

For sharks, or crabs, or congers to digest.

His next work is to find some habitation,

Tho' he came safely there, 'twas in mean fashion,

The self-same cloathes which when Alonso brav'd
him,

He made him wear, and to the galley slav'd him.

And tho' this last foul storm had little harm'd him,

It seem'd to some strange thing to have transform'd
him

Rigid and rough, long wet and felter'd locks,

Like Babel's King, when turn'd into an ox† :

For a fresh-water soldier none could doubt him,

The sea's salt tears ran trickling round about him.

In this cold plight he leaves the beachy strand,

And coasts the main with many a weary stand.

At last he spies a house, not great, but good ;

For here he finds a brother of his brood,

Who had adventur'd in those ways before,

And rais'd some fortune by't, and gave it o'er.

* The eldest son of the King of France always stiled the
Dolphin.

† Nebuchadnezzar.

40 THE WONDERFUL VOYAGES

He quickly finds that Jones had 'scap'd some wreck;
Experience, charity, and pity speak
On this behalf; the good man bids him in,
And, with Y^e are kindly welcome, doth begin:
He spoke in Dutch, which gladded Jones, for he
Could speak as well as * *Grace dw worth awbee*.
Which language a Dutch pilot well had taught him,
When Greenfield to America had brought him.
By this, the Stove's made ready, in goes Jones;
Dries his wet garments, comforts nerves and bones.
The table's set with homely wholesome cheer,
And to make all compleat, strong Lubeck beer.
A Dutch froe was his mate, more fat than fair,
But wond'rous free, and there to debonaire.
Which made Jones ask, What country 'twas that
gave,

This noble welcome to her humble slave?
He's answer'd, 'Tis the Netherlands, the States
Brave seat of war, where many broken pates
Are got and given, and for his wants supply,
The good strong town of Flushing stood fast by,
Where Sir John Norris did command in chief,
For England's glory and the State's relief.
This tickled Jones with joy; for Horace Vere,
Norris, and he had been (I know not where)
Comrades in arms, ere Jones did entertain,
That cross design with Cumberland for Spain.
But now a bed does well, to take some rest,
Where this good host directs his weary guest.
And having slept his fill, he timely rose,
Takes a most thankful leave, and on he goes.
His purpose is to take his passage over
At the next port he finds; from thence to Dover.
But first at Flushing he resolves to touch,
Where his old friend, the bulwark of the Dutch,
Brave Norris holds his troop; here Jones arrives,
Just as he came from goal, except his gives,

* The same in Welch.

Clad in his slavish robe of friars grey,
His cap true blue; no company, but they
That will not leave him whilst he hath a rag,
Such as possess the beggar with his bag.
Winds, storms, nor seas, nor ought that could undo
him,

Could make them flinch, like friends they stick
close to him.

And thus accompanied he doth approach
To th' General's house, neither with steed nor coach;
But in his manly foot-march: 'twas the time,
When Norris with his chiefs were set to dine.

Jones presseth to the parlour from the hall,

And there accosts the noble General.

Who ey'd him quickly, and cries out (O fate!)

Live I to see the strength of England's state?

Breath'st thou brave man at arms? Jones art thou
he?

Or is it Mars himself disguis'd like thee?

Quoth Jones, The scourge of Spaniards and of Spain,

Whom they have felt and foil'd, but to their pain,

Stands here; and yet would breathe some few years
longer,

To prove King Philip or myself the stronger.

The rest was dear embraces, and his place

By Norris' side; and then a hasty grace.

Now might I dwell upon the luscious cheer,

Which here grew cold, whilst each man's eye and
ear

Fed on the person and discourse of Jones,

And quite forgot their toasts and marrow-bones.

And whilst his strange adventures past, he tells;

The Captains, Serjeant-Majors, Colonels,

Fast to admire him, and are fill'd with wonder,

And feel no hunger tho' their bellies thunder.

Here mark his constancy, beyond these men,

He eats and talks, and eats and talks again.

F

Their

42 THE WONDERFUL VOYAGES

Their maws are cloy'd to hear those deeds of his,
 His stories are his meal's parenthesis.
 But when he spoke of Spain, 'tis past belief,
 What fearful wounds he gave the chine of beef.
 A capon garnish'd with slic'd lemons stood
 Before him, which he tore as he were wood;
 And made it legless ere he made a pause,
 Merely in malice to the Spanish sauce.
 He wrecks his wrath on ev'ry dish that's nigh him,
 And spoil'd a custard that stood trembling by him;
 Grown pikes and carps, and many a dainty dish,
 That far excell'd his tame Crotonian fish.
 At last his fury 'gan to be assuag'd,
 And then the General all his friends engag'd,
 To give him soldier's welcome in a rowse
 Of lussy rhenish, till both men and house
 Turn round. Once two great deities conjoin'd
 To work his fall, with hideous seas and wind:
 Now only Bacchus takes the man to task;
 And lays sore to him with his potent cask.
 And whilst with lussy grape o'er borne Jones reels,
 H' assaults his head, and so trips up his heels.
 But up he rose again with vigour stout,
 And swears, tho' foil'd, he'll try another bout.
 They all were now high flown, when colonel Skink,
 Fills a huge bowl of sherry sack, to drink
 A health to England's Queen, and Jones is he
 Must take't in pledge; and so he did: but see
 The strange antipathy between this man
 And Spanish grape as well as Spanish Don.
 Against them both his stomach fierce doth rise,
 No sooner drank but up again it flies.
 This odd distemper made him half asham'd,
 But there's no help, he was with wrath inflam'd;
 Nor was he pleas'd with Skink of this affront,
 (For so he took't) he knew Skink could not want
 The wine of Rhene for healths: why then in sack,
 Unless it were to lay him on his back?

Fir'd

Fir'd with this thought, he catch'd at his buff-coat,
Then grapples close; and had pluck'd out his throat,
But that the wary General interposes
His hands and friends between their bloody noses;
And with strong reasons, smiles, and smooth allays,
He damps the fury of these fiery boys,
And left them (as he thought) well reconcil'd,
But by th' effect he found he was beguil'd.
The night dispers'd them now to several ways,
As they were quarter'd. Jones with Norris stays,
Who sent him the next morn a brave rich suit,
Intended for himself, with all things to't.
Scant was he dress'd, when Skink unto him sends
A Captain, boldly to demand amends
For last night's work, and Jones, to do him right,
A bullet must exchange in single fight.
For which himself and second would not miss,
Where Jones design'd to meet with him and his.
This Jones accepts, and swears before that night
He shall hear from him, how and where he'll fight.
He thus dispatch'd, Sir Roger Williams enters,
To whom much kind discourse past o'er; he ventures
To tell his difference with Skink; which told,
Sir Roger like a Britain true and bold,
Protests himself his second, hastes to Skink,
Tells him, h' need fight well, as well as drink:
That Jones and he at the South-postern gate,
Early next morn would meet him and his mate,
With sword and pistol hors'd, and there agree,
To fight it two to two, or Jones and he.
Then comes to Jones, supply'd him with a horse
Well rid and fierce; Bucquoy had felt his force
Before Breda; then gives that sword and belt,
Which Prince * Llwellin wore, when slain near
Bealt.

* The prince of South Wales, who was slain near Bealt,
a town in Brecknockshire.

44 THE WONDERFUL VOYAGES

The hour come, these champions soon appear,
 They spend no time in words; in full career,
 Jones charges bravely close up to his breast,
 And fires, but fortune turn'd it to the best:
 Makes him thro' haste forget to prime his pan,
 So miss'd his shot, and so preserv'd the man.
 Vex'd with this fail, he flings with all his might,
 Worse than the bullet, had his hand gone right,
 His pistol at his face; 'twas aim'd so near,
 It raz'd his cheek, and took quite off his ear.
 Skink's bullet pierc'd the blow of Jones his saddle,
 And slightly circumcis'd his foreman's noddle;
 The seconds stood attending the event
 Of this first charge, both resolutely bent,
 If either in th' encounter had been sped,
 To run the same adventure they both did.
 But when they saw the bravery of their fight,
 Both having lost their blood, the quarrel slight:
 They both detest such men should be destroy'd,
 By which their country should be sore annoy'd:
 With joint consent their power they unite
 To ride up to them, and break off the fight:
 Thus got between them, all best means they use
 To take it up: which both enrag'd refuse.
 They urge the equal terms on which they stood,
 In point of honour; both had lost their blood,
 Both fought it well; how light their quarrel's ground,
 Not worth one drop of blood, much less a wound.
 Then bid them look on their dear country's woe,
 Whose breasts must suffer for the ill they do.
 Reason takes place of wrath, they both accord,
 And mischief's engine rests; they sheath the sword.
 And thus (in few) this dangerous duel ends,
 Fierce foes they met, and now return good friends:
 Their surgeons stanch their blood, for yet they bled,
 And clap a cap on Jones his nether head.
 This news comes quickly to the General's ear,
 Who when he heard their lives were out of fear,

He

He gently chides them that they would expose,
Their limbs unto the various chance of blows
In single duel, when the common good,
No longer stands than such good members stood.
Ten days are spent ere Jones could stand upright,
Thro' his slight hurt: which come, the noble knight
Brave Norris he takes leave of, with the rest
Of that brave martial crew, and then address
Himself for England: Joy thou happy Isle,
Thy son returns that hath kept all this quail;
Ye blustering boys of Britain feast and quaff all;
The man's at hand whose presence makes you laugh
all.

Welcome to Dover, thou great son of Mavors,
So speak the mayor of Dover on his grave horse,
Mounted to meet him with his reverend train,
All gown, who cry him welcome home from Spain.
After some short repast, on post he rides
To Non-such, where her Majesty resides,
Where he was soon brought up to kiss her hand,
By his dear friend George earl of Cumberland.
But then when took to private conference,
What news of moment, what intelligence,
What Spanish plots, what mysteries of state,
Unto her Majesty he did relate,
'Twas wrapp'd in clouds too high for me to know it;
Then pardon, reader, that I do not shew it.
But 'twas observ'd he gave a written book
Unto her hand: on which she deign'd to look,
And seem'd to slight it in the public face
Of court; yet made some use of 't in a place
That's privy, so dismiss'd him to his rest,
Or her court's welcome; as to him seem'd best.
'Twas now the time when * Essex was engag'd
In Ireland 'gainst Tyrone, with whom he wag'd
A bloody war: which to the Queen and state
Seem'd long and costly: after much debate

* Robert, earl of Essex.

46 THE WONDERFUL VOYAGES

It is resolv'd to pick out such a man,
 Whose active force and spirit dares and can
 Put a full period to this war at once,
 Without delay, and this was Captain Jones,
 On whom they pitch, who fed on hopes in vain,
 To get some small command to conquer Spain.
 'Tis first resolv'd he must reduce Tyrone,
 'Till that be done he must let Spain alone.
 Thus his commission's seal'd to raise his force,
 A compleat regiment of British horse:
 He's thence to waft them o'er the Irish brine;
 And then his force with noble Essex join.
 Jones lost no time, goes in five days to Wales:
 Shews his commission, tells them glorious tales;
 He need not beat a drum, nor sound his trumpet,
 His name's enough to make these Britons jump at
 This brave employment under such a chief,
 Whose fame's reserve enough for their relief.
 Perplex'd he was in chusing his commanders,
 For he still fancied best his old Highlanders;
 But many worthies of the lower parts,
 Offer to him their fortunes and their hearts.
 But all respects put by, h' enlisteth ten
 Of his old gang, all hard-bred mountain-men,
 For his life-guard, Thomas Da Price a Pew,
 Jenkin Da Prichard, Evan David Hugh,
 John ap John Jenkin, Richard John dap Reese,
 And Tom Dee Bacgh, a fierce rat at green cheese,
 Llewelling Reese ap David, Watkin Jenkin,
 With Howell Reese ap Robert, and young Philkin;
 These for his guard, his officers in chief,
 Lieutenant colonel Craddock, a stout thief,
 With major Howell ap Howell of Pen Crag,
 Well known for plund'ring many cow and nag;
 Captain Pen Vaure, a branch of Tom John Catty,
 Whose word in's colours was, YE ROGUES have
 at ye.

Griffith

Griffith ap Reese ap Howell ap Coh ap Gwillin,
 Reese David Shone ap Ruthero ap William;
 With many more, whose names 'twere long to write,
 The rest their acts will get them names in fight.
 We must conceive they all were men of fame,
 For here we see them all men of great name.
 Jones with these blades advanceth to the * dale,
 There lines himself and them with noble ale,
 Of such antiquity as hath not been there,
 The like since † Robert of the vale was seen there,
 Who us'd to sink those kilderkins of merit,
 To raise the heat of his prophetic spirit.
 His forces slipp'd, at last on board he goes,
 A lusty south-east gale so fairly blows,
 That forty hours easily brought him in,
 To Dublin harbour where he lands his men;
 There getting knowledge where the army lay,
 To the Lord General he takes his way;
 From whom a noble welcome he receives,
 And good fresh quarter to his troops he gives.
 Jones first informs himself in what condition
 Tyrone's made up for war, what ammunition.
 How fortify'd in camp, what force, what watch,
 How victuall'd, all occasion he doth catch.
 To take him tripping; when at length he found,
 He would not give nor take an equal ground,
 To hazard battle, he resolves to try him,
 In such a way as he should not deny him,
 Unless with loss of honour; he indites
 This fearful challenge which his 'squire writes:
 False traitor to thy country and thy Queen,
 I, he who yet my peer have never seen,
 In feats of arms, whose martial hand hath slain
 Kings with their armies, half unpeopled Spain:

* A little village by Milford.

† An old Welch prophet, who foretold the landing of
 Henry the seventh there.

48 THE WONDERFUL VOYAGES

Done more than I can write; I say, I he
 Urge thee to single duel: and to thee
 Give thee free choice of weapon, time, and place,
 On foot or horse-back: think it no disgrace,
 That I a private Captain, thou a chief,
 (My deeds make me admir'd, thee thine a thief)
 Call thee to question, 'twere ambition
 In thee, to hope to fall by such a one,
 T' augment my praise I wish thee five times stronger,
 Live till I meet thee, and but little longer.
 This done, a herald is straight charged with it,
 In public to Tyrone's own hand to give it,
 Who to him hastes, and in the public view
 Of all his army says, (Tyrone) to you,
 I have command to bring from Captain Jones
 This challenge; read it, and resolve at once.
 He takes it, reads it, and admires the man,
 That sends him this high brave, who if he can
 But half he writes, he counts himself but lost,
 To meet him; yet in sight of all his host
 This brave was given him: thus his honour lies
 At stake, and therefore desperately replies.
 Tell your brave man I am not conquer'd yet,
 Nor can by words but blows, he shall be met,
 Before to-morrow noon, on yon green plot,
 Surrounded with the bog, neither with shot,
 Nor head-steel'd dart: this sword I wear shall do't,
 Arm'd cap-a-pee, no horse, but foot to foot.
 He thus dispatch'd, Tyrone doth straight seek out,
 Brain Mac-kill cow, a strong sturdy lout,
 Made up with nerves, and brawn and bone so mighty,
 He felt no burthen were it ne'er so weighty.
 The strongest man in all his camp by half,
 Milo's great bull to him was but a calf,
 Bred in the Irish wilds 'mongst bogs and woods,
 And like an outlaw liv'd on other's goods.
 And this is he on whom Tyrone now fixt,
 To personate himself in fight betwixt

Him

Him and our Jones, true arms of largest size,
 He puts on him, then to his loins he ties
 Morglay his trusty sword, then wears devoutly,
 If in this combat he behave him stoutly,
 He'll raise his means above two English Barons,
 In lands and sheep and cows and lusty garrons:
 Bryan's all confidence and halts thither,
 Where Jones and he must try their force together.
 The place design'd was hardly twelve yards square,
 No travelling of ground, no boys play there,
 The rest was bog, o'er which some planks were laid
 To pass them o'er; and then to stop all aid,
 Were took from thence: here Jones our vaillant
 fighter

Advanceth first: Bryan with his fell smiter
 Is hard at hand; they spare no time for words,
 Their mettle is the whetstone of their swords.
 They clap together like two sons of thunder,
 Their blades struck lightning, whilst the earth
 quak'd under
 The burthen she bore; no stroke that's given, but
 death

Seems to attend it, till both out of breath
 Consent to make a stand; but this short rest,
 Was like a sallad with a mutton's breast
 To their sharp stomachs, to't they go again,
 And lay on load like devils, not like men.
 Their well-try'd arms do blush with their own
 blood,

To find their flesh in whole defence they stood,
 Stand, whilst it fell: for that their keen swords whipt
 off,

As if they would each other make a chipt loaf.
 At last, as I have seen a man of war
 Exalt a Carrick, which exceeds him far,
 In bulk and strength: so Jones deals now with

Bryan
 With muns and shifts, more like a Fox than Lion.

50 THE WONDERFUL VOYAGES

For (to speak truly) this fell Pagan lout,
 Doth so belabour Jones from head to foot,
 That both his ears do oft with sorrow ring,
 And's eyes see stars at noon (a wond'rous thing)
 We must conceive those furious blows he dealt,
 Were well repaid with use, which Bryan felt,
 But Jones esteeming it an equal thing
 To be self-conquer'd, and long conquering,
 Resolves to put the business out of doubt
 With one pass more, which was the fatal bout.
 On this resolve, with both his hands he press'd,
 The pummel of his sword against his breast,
 Then like a thunder-bolt tilts swiftly at him:
 With th' fear of this, Bryan had quite forgot him.
 That 'twas a bog behind, so backward springs,
 And his whole body up to the arm-pits flings,
 Amidst the bog. Jones, driven with his own force,
 Missing his thrust falls headlong in the gorse,
 But pitch'd upon his foe, by happy fate,
 With which o'er-borne, our Jones so mauls his pate,
 That th' helmet flies, and leaves his head to th'
 danger,

Of being the anvil of our Jones his anger:
 And now the day is his, his strength he strains,
 With hand and hilt to beat out Bryan's brains:
 Who cries out quarter, Man of Mars I yield
 My self and sword, the honour of the field.
 And where the power rests, 'tis much better far,
 To give than take a life in chance of war.
 This and the bog doth cool the wrath of Jones,
 He spares his life and draws him forth at once.
 Besides he scorn'd posterity should tell,
 That by his hand Tyrone so nobly fell.
 And thus O'Neal his captive (as he thought)
 In this foul plight unto the camp he brought:
 Presents him to the General, and then speak,
 Sir, if you have ten more Tyrones to take,

Command,

Command, I'll do't; here see him hither led
By me, who all this charge and stir hath bred.
The joy was great, but short; 'twas quickly known;
This was but some impostor for Tyrone;
And this an Irish captive at first view
Made known, who him and his condition knew.
This bred a qualm in some, whil'st others smil'd,
To see their British champions so beguild,
And that Tyrone had bobb'd him with this jeer,
To match his cow-herd with our mountaineer.
Jones vex'd with this, retires unto his tent,
An angry, dirty, desperate, malecontent.
Three days thus spent, his wrath no longer bears
This base affront; (like Scævola *,) he swears
He'll kill Tyrone in 'midst of all his force,
Tho' in the act himself be made a corse:
In this wild mood by night he doth convey
Himself, where he suppos'd the rebel lay:
Who wisely rais'd his camp the day before,
March'd far thro' desert woods, and would no more
Of these affronts; which to put off agen,
Might breed contempt of him with his own men.
Two days Jones spends in quests to find him out;
At last he was encounter'd with a rout
Of ravening wolves, who fiercely all at once,
Assail'd the back and face of manly Jones.
'Twas time to draw, else these wild Irish dogs,
Had been so bold to shake him by the logs:
But when his sword was out he makes them feel,
Their teeth are not so sharp as his true steel.
The first good blow he dealt took off a head,
The second made one two: the next he sped,
With a sore thrust at mouth, and out at tail:
A fourth which his posteriors doth assail,
With his strong heel he hurls against a tree,
Twelve paces from his kick, and there lies he:

* Scævola against Porfenna in Livy.

His sword rips out another's empty paunch;
 The next limps off from him with half a haunch.
 We must conceive 'twas time to lay about him,
 For here were those that fought to eat, not rout him.
 Nor 'scap'd he free, the rich sword scarf he wore
 About his loins, they all to flutes were.
 His boots pluck'd off by bits, some hem to boot,
 No quarter free from scars from head to foot.
 And (to conclude) from these wild Irish witches*,
 He 'scapes scant with a hand's breadth of his breeches.
 Wearied with blows and kicks, at last they fly him,
 And take a starling leave as they go by him.
 Thus Jones, half worried, hastes unto the camp.
 There's none could say the cloathes he wore were
 damp

With night perdues, unless they meant to flout him;
 For (to speak truth) he had no cloathes about him.
 Thus come, he swears by the immortal powers,
 He had maintain'd a battle full five hours,
 With forty duels, five and twenty kill'd,
 Rout'd the rest; who had all took the field
 'Gainst him alone; all rais'd with him to fight,
 To his destruction, or to eclipse his might,
 By that old timorous treacherous kern Tyrone,
 Who durst as well meet death as him alone.
 The plight our Jones appear'd in, made none doubt,
 But he had had at least a devilish bout,
 If not with devils; on him each man teeth,
 The fearful character of nails and teeth.
 We may not stand to shew what Essex' sense
 Was on these actions, nor the consequence
 They did import: the progress of this story,
 Hastens our Muse to Jones his farther glory.
 Fame these achievements brings to England's state;
 Which held the Queen and council in debate

* Lupanthropos, witches that take the shapes of wolves upon them in Ireland.

About this man; and all at last suppos'd,
 In policy he's not to be expos'd,
 To the close dang'rous plots of such a foe,
 Who neither values faith nor honour, so
 His mischiefs take success: and thus the state
 Lose this dear limb, and then repent too late,
 Some looking deeper into Jones his spirit,
 Knowing he knew too much of his own merit,
 Hold it not safe he should be open to,
 The windy baits of that so subtle foe,
 To gain him to his part; whose haughty mind
 Would soon take fire; then could not be confin'd.
 And if by such a plot they should be cross'd,
 They all conclude that kingdom were but lost.
 These grounds invite them wholly to decline
 His warfare there; so on some grand design
 Pretended they invite his quick repair,
 To England's court to act this great affair.
 He comes, but leaves his British troops to fight
 Tyrone to death; whose acts who please to write,
 May meet with subjects brave to rant upon,
 But for myself I am quite tir'd with one,
 And thus transported from the Irish strands,
 At Aberust* with a Welch port he lands;
 Where ere two days he fully spent for rest,
 A goodly vessel, with cross winds oppress'd,
 Comes boiling in; Jones by her colours knows
 She is of Spain: his colour comes and goes
 At sight of her's; that such a godly prey,
 Should come (as 'twere) to meet him in his way.
 He musters straight a troop of British lads,
 Who on their mountain geldings clap their pads;
 With rusty bills instead of staves in rest;
 Such were their horse, such were their arms at best.
 Then with a fowling-piece the ship they hail,
 With confidence that she would straight strike sail;

* A Town and Port in the County of Cardigan.

But

54 THE WONDERFUL VOYAGES

But she makes answer, that she was too hot,
From her broadside with twenty culverin shot.
This struck a stand, till Jones cry'd out, what doubt
ye?

The day is ours, masters lay about ye;
Lead the forlorn up bravely, and be bold,
I'll bring the rear, for they know me of old;
If once my name or person they descry,
My life for yours they'll either yield or fly.
Made bold with this, in full career they ride,
Up to the ridges of the flowing tide.

But when they came breast-high amongst the waves,
Their horse more wise by half then these mad knaves,
Snort at the foaming billows, turn their tails,
And make a fair retreat from sea and sails;

Which, lest it should seem done on terms of fear,
Jones to the front, now hastens from the rear,
And leads them back again in good array,
Neither with hasty flight, nor much delay.

At his return he searcheth all that coast,
To find a herring-boat or two at most;
With which he doubts not but he'll sink or take
This lusty ship: whose bravest men will quake

To hear his name. But fate that had decreed
To save her, caus'd her hoyse her sails with speed:
So with a strong fore-wind away she flies,
And leaves our Jones to seek some other prize.

Thus cross'd in this design to court he went,
Where he is met with noble compliment;
And from the Queen such grace he doth receive,
As he deserv'd, and stood with her to give.

Now for the great affair that call'd him back,
The Lords must pump for't in a cup of sack
To help invention: Jones must be prefer'd
To some employment, be it ne'er so hard.

In deep consult and long discourse they sat on't,
And studied for't; at last they lighted pat on't.

It

It is resolv'd, that he must be the man,
 To go in embassy to Prester John.
 The business carried with't a glorious face,
 Employ'd Ambassador unto his Grace.
 The dangerous voyage to a place remote,
 Affects him most to get his name more note
 In foreign Lands: he'll not refuse the work,
 Were't to the Great Mogul, or the Great Turk.
 A lusty ship's prepar'd, again he goes;
 But what this great employment was, who knows?
 Reader, I know thy thoughts are strongly bent
 To know this first design, on which he went.
 But know this first, that Prince's secret ways,
 Are such as ships cut thorough deepest seas,
 Which shut still as they ope, and him that sounds,
 And enters too far in, their deepness drowns.
 If bare conjectures may give light to thee,
 Here take them freely; harmless thoughts are free.
 Perhaps this high blown spirit now is sent
 To foreign air, where it may purge and vent,
 And so return more fit the state to serve,
 In their commands, who yet must him observe.
 Perhaps he went this priestly Prince to gain
 Unto our church; who gave good proof in Spain
 Of's power in this; or to negotiate,
 Commerce between the Æthiop and our state,
 For tusks of Elephants to haſt our knives,
 Apes and baboons and pugs to please our wives;
 Which things satiety makes common there,
 And curiosity o'erprizeth here.
 Be't what it will, our Jones is gone upon't,
 And we may know he will make something on't.
 His treacherous friend the sea his charge receives,
 And with some flattering gales his hopes deceives,
 Making the Land his firmer friend appear
 Still less; until at last it brought him where
 He lost her sight; for three month's time he makes
 Good way; at last the wind his wings forsakes,
 The

56 THE WONDERFUL VOYAGES

The ship's becalm'd, and to the Port she seeks,
 She gains not half a league for thirteen weeks,
 Jones find this lazy war offends him more,
 Than all those hideous storms out-rid before.
 These sad effects this sleepy calm attend;
 Victual and beverage spent; less hope of end:
 Then fear of further miseries ensues,
 The sea with calms his patience doth abuse,
 Turns devilish statesman, puts on a smooth face,
 Salutes and kills them with a soft embrace.
 'Twas now far worse with Jones than erst with Skink;
 For three weeks his own urine is his drink,
 Which his hot body had to oft sublim'd;
 'Tis grown a cordial, like gold thrice calcin'd.
 Breezes of wind at last his sails display,
 And waft him into the Barbarick bay,
 Then to the Arabick, next the pilot laves,
 His boisterous charge in *Mare rubrum's* waves.
 And lastly he attains, beyond all hope,
 Errocco, the sole Port of *Æthiopia*;
 And here he lands; and empties many a bowl,
 To allay the fury of his thirsty soul.
 After some rest he gets intelligence,
 Where 'twas the Prince then kept his residence;
 Where he repairs; and's told when he comes thither,
 The Prince and town are both remov'd together
 Some ten miles off. The Prince and town! (quoth
 Jones)
 I have met my match: here's people make no bones
 Of things beyond belief. And yet 'twas true;
 This town was tents which fifty thousand drew,
 And rais'd in th' instant, wheresoe'er the Prince
 Sat down to sport, or shew magnificence.
 By Mount Amara now his court he rears;
 A mount far differing from the name it bears*:

* Read Purchas, in his relations of *Æthiopia*, touching this mount.

If Paradise had e'er a second birth
 Below the seat of saints, 'tis there on earth.
 An humble valley is the garden where
 This Mount is rais'd ; a vale so rich, so rare ;
 Nature grew bankrupt drawing this rich plot,
 And striving to be quaint, she quite forgot
 To keep reserves ; for by this work we know,
 She made it such she could make no more so.
 Amidst this vale is rais'd this lofty structure,
 Five leagues upright. It's outides architecture
 Unpolish'd marble ; but so rich, so fair,
 You'd think't a pillar of one stone in th' air ;
 By some high power unto Atlas given,
 To ease his shoulders whil'st it proppeth heaven.
 This goodly Mount a spacious plain doth crown,
 Imboist with Nature's gems, a velvet down
 That's always green ; no frost, no winter here,
 Continual spring ; here Phœbus all the year,
 From rise to set, doth always fire his eye,
 As loath to put so fair an object by.
 Here grow those happy trees from whence there
 springs

That precious oil, which erst anointed Kings,
 And sacred priests. Nor croud they here to take
 One sense alone ; the scent and sight partake.
 So are they rank'd, as well to give a grace,
 As sweet perfumes, for tribute to the place.
 No orchard here, nor garden but the plain ;
 The choicest fruit all Europe doth contain,
 Grow here unplanted, here's the luscious grape,
 That makes Jove's nectar : 'twas not Helen's rape
 That ruin'd Troy : the apple * got from thence,
 Had worth enough to do't. Here every sense
 Would surfeit, but each object's rarity,
 Gives appetite without satiety ;

* The apple which three goddesses, Juno, Pallas and Venus,
 contended for, which was given by Paris to Venus ; where-
 upon followed the destruction of Troy.

58 THE WONDERFUL VOYAGES

Roses and tulips Flora gathers here,
 When we have none, to crown her golden hair ;
 And here Medea pick'd (if Jones speak truth)
 Those herbs which turned antiquity to youth :
 The only Phoenix deigns to weather here,
 The only place like her without a peer :
 Lest all these sweets should want sweet harmony,
 A numerous choir of nightingale's comply,
 To warble forth the sweet Amara's praise,
 Who turns their mourning notes to merry lays.
 Amidst this plain there glides a silver brook,
 So gently, that the subtlest eye may look,
 And find no motion ; on his violet banks
 Thick Cyprus trees marshal themselves in ranks,
 To keep out Phœbus ; whose enamour'd beams,
 Peep thro' each little crink to view his streams :
 His pavement azure gravel intermixt
 With orient pearls, and diamonds betwixt,
 Which as the air's soft breath his surface purls,
 Vary their gloss, and twinkle through his curls :
 Like a steel'd glass presenting to the eye,
 The spangled beauty of the starry sky.
 Here Dolphins leave the sea to wanton ; here
 Carps since the deluge their grown bodies cheer.
 Umbrana's too ; such had * Vitellius known,
 A province should have gone to purchase one :
 Such is Amara, such is Tempe field,
 Elysium on earth unparallel'd.
 'Twas here this royal priest now kept his court ;
 A place well suiting with his fame and port.
 And here comes Jones, where having made's address,
 Letters of credence given at his access,
 In Latin writ : in the same tongue he gives
 Jones gracious words, which language Jones con-
 ceives
 To be Arabic, for the Latin tongue
 He ne'er endur'd to learn nor old nor young ;

* A great epicure, and Emperor of Rome.

But

But that's all one, there's no reply expected,
 Unto a rich pavilion he's directed
 By men of state, where he is well attended,
 With all that's rich, and to his rest commended.
 Some few days spent, and time for audience got,
 When Prester John in royal state was sat;
 Jones studying how t' express his eloquence,
 In some strange language which might pose the
 Prince,

Now trouls him forth a full mouth'd Welsh oration,
 Boldly deliver'd as became his nation.
 The plot prov'd right, for not one word of sense
 Could be pick'd from't, which vex'd the learned
 Prince.

His learned linguists are call'd in to hear,
 Who might as well have stopp'd each others ear,
 For ought they understood, and all protest,
 It was the very language of the beast.
 Jones hath his end, and then to make it known,
 He had more tongues t'express himself than one;
 In a new tone he speaks, not half so rich,
 But better known, 'twas English; unto which
 An English Factor is interpreter,
 Between our Captain and John Presbyter;
 His business takes effect (what ere it was)
 And great expresses of respect do pass
 To Jones from him, as one he thought most rich,
 In unknown tongues express'd in his first speech,
 And so admires him for he knows not what:
 But Jones may thank his mother-tongue for that.
 His business done, he's led for recreation,
 To take the pleasures of that pleasant nation,
 To mount Amara's top, the chiefest grace,
 And perfect beauty of that Kingdom's face;
 And finding his great heart was most inclin'd
 To martial feats, all in one motion join'd
 T' invite him to their desarts, where he might
 • Make trial of his force in manly fight,

With their wild beasts, and promis'd him consorts,
All truly try'd t' assist him in those sports.

The motion takes, a brave accoutred horse,
And his own arms, he and's associate force
Advance to hunt; methinks I see them all,
Drawn to the life in canvass * 'gainst the wall,
In some mean house made for good-fellowship,
How fierce they look, how brave they prance and
skip;

With hounds and horns, and bills and picks and
glaves,

And spears and clubs, and many light-foot knaves:
In this brave equipage they march away,
To the known haunts where these wild creatures
prey.

'Twas Jones his trick of old to ride alone:

In hard adventures he'll admit of none

To share with him, from them he steals aside,

And in the desert by himself doth ride.

Nor rode he long, till just against him stalks

A ramping lion, new come from his walks;

Jones draws, the furious beast with fiery eyes,

And bristled mane, against his bosom flies;

But his keen sword met full with his fore paws,

And whipp'd them off; and so he 'scap'd his claws.

Nor stay'd it there, but gave a cruel wound

To his left-jaw, and fell'd him to the ground.

* Then nimbly wheels about, and stepp'd aside,

Leaps from his horse, which to a tree he ty'd:

Then turns again, and with his sword falls to't,

To end this combat with him foot to foot;

The wounded beast with all his power doth hasten,

His fearful fangs in Jones his throat to fasten.

Whilst on's hin feet he assaults him bolt upright,

With left hand arm'd, Jones stuns with him the
right;

* Painted cloths in inns and victualling-houses.

Strikes

Strikes both his hin legs off; yet on his stumps,
 The noble beast unconquered fiercely jumps
 Full at his face with open mouth, and there,
 (For his grim face could raise in Jones no fear)
 In shoots the deadly blade, and out behind,
 Where't makes a second vent for life's short wind;
 This thrust with right hand arm'd so home was lent,
 That hand and hilt quite thro' together went;
 Where taking hold of his strong stern (for truth
 He swears) he drew't quite thro' his trunk this mouth.
 Then with fine force (the like was never seen)
 He strips his inside out, and's outside in.
 Thus tergivers upon his steed he flings him,
 Then mounts himself, and to the court he brings
 him.

Never was royal beast so grossly jaded;
 But 'twas his fate which could not be evaded;
 Unto the gallants of the court he shews,
 How hard th' adventure was, what thrusts, what
 blows;

On every circumstance he doth dilate;
 Nor adds he much to truth, nor much doth bate:
 For much he spoke, the lion made it good,
 With loss of his four legs, and his best blood.
 This strange atchievement strikes them all with
 wonder;

'Twas never seen since Greece's Alexander.
 Lyfimachus, Lyfander, nor Perdiccas*,
 Nor any of his chiefs, ere did the like as
 Our Jones in this: 'Tis true, they write they kill'd,
 In single fight some few of these in field;
 But here's a force borne with a higher sail,
 Transforting tail to head, and head to tail.
 The Prince in words this high atchievement prais'd:
 But inward fear and jealousy it rais'd
 Of our brave Queen, whose sceptre doth command,
 Such men whose power no nation can withstand.

* Read Quintus Curtius concerning these.

Jones might so far on his own strength presume, as
 To seize his throne, as * Cortez Montezuma's
 Had done before. These thoughts he oft revolves
 With troubled mind, and so in fine resolves
 To shift him thence : makes for his fair pretence,
 Matter of high and hasty consequence,
 To be with speed convey'd unto our Queen ;
 Except herself it must by none be seen.
 This past on Jones, who parts with high content,
 Nobly presented with fair compliment,
 Amongst the rest, a Parrot, that could speak
 All tongues but Jones his own ; that had a beak
 Of perfect coral, plum'd as white as snow :
 This he accepts, and so to sea does go :
 Where under sail such welcome he receives,
 As one dire foe unto another gives.
 With calms, and storms, and winds, all cross, that
 bear,

The ship quite off the course that she would steer.
 Long time thus spent, into a bay he drives,
 And at a port unknown at last arrives :
 Where he beholds a glorious castle built
 High on a cliff, whose walls pure gold, or gilt,
 To him appear'd. Which object caus'd him land,
 To know who did this princely seat command.
 He's told it is the Queen of No-land's place,
 The only reliet of her royal race ;
 A maiden Queen that here doth keep her court,
 Where many Kings and Princes of high port
 Make their address, and lose themselves in love,
 To purchase her's, for not a man can move
 Her heart to wed, tho' ne'er so great his state,
 Or form exact, such was the will of fate.
 Here, as he lands, a large canoe was sent,
 To know from whence he was, and whither bent.

* A private Spanish commander, that took this great King
 of Mexico with a handful of men.

In this a Dutchman came by happy fate,
 Who could his language to the Queen translate.
 This man he tells, as briefly as he can,
 His voyage from his Queen to Prester John :
 How by cross winds in his return he's blown,
 And forc'd into this port to him unknown.
 Jones is resolv'd to see and to be seen
 Of this great Princess, that our virgin Queen
 Might know when he returns what form, what port
 This royal virgin carried in her court.
 Thus like an errant knight all arm'd compleat,
 He marcheth boldly to her palace gate,
 All massy polish'd brass ; at his first ward,
 Six milk-white Panthers fierce were chain'd for
 guard.

Thence thro' a large great spacious court he past,
 And so ascends twelve ivory steps at last,
 With ebon columns, unto which were ty'd,
 Twelve sharp kept Lions, who all yawned wide
 When strangers do approach. Jones thro' them all
 Is safely guarded to a goodly hall.

From thence ascends to rooms of greater state,
 And comes at last where this Princess royal sat
 Upon a strange rich bed, not stuff'd with down,
 But closely wrought, and like a bladder blown ;
 Three Æthiops on each side, to fan the air,
 With Ostridge plumes perfum'd as rich as fair.
 Her beauty could not boast of white and red,
 But jet-like black ; about her crisp curl'd head
 And cheeks, there hang rich flaming stones and
 pearls,

That pass'd Mark Anthony's Egyptian girls.
 In brief ; if Tuscan liv'd to limn the night
 Sparkling with stars, this were her picture right.
 No sooner to her sight doth Jones appear ;
 Than to her heart his piercing eyes shot fire ;
 Which Cupid blows and rais'd into a flame,
 That warms her zeal to invoke his name.

No

64 THE WONDERFUL VOYAGES

No part of Jones but in her eye exceeds
 All human shape; some god he must be needs.
 But when at her request he doth relate,
 The chances of his past and present state;
 Never was ear with Orpheus' harp possess'd
 As her's with Jones, whilst he his life express'd.
 Those that have warm'd themselves by these strong
 fires,

May eas'ly guess what fruits her wild desires
 Produc'd to Jones; the observance of the court,
 With feasts and banquets, and all princely sport,
 Are at his foot: he cannot name nor wish
 That meat he likes, but straight 'tis in his dish.
 In this high state some months he takes his ease,
 Whilst this sick Princess feeds on her disease:
 At last a sharp alarm damps these desires,
 Which threaten'd death, but could not quench her
 fires.

A Prince there was, mighty in bulk and mind,
 Whose kingdom's confines unto No-land join'd:
 Descended in his race from Og of Basan;
 You'd think his very name might well amaze one,
 Bahader Cham Mombaza's King; h' had been,
 A long hot suitor to this mighty Queen,
 But still repuls'd: now this unruly fire
 Suppress'd with scorn, breaks forth from love to ire.
 A mighty host he rais'd, and marcheth thro'
 The heart of No-land, to command, not woo:
 Approaching near her court, he sends her word,
 She must be his own Queen at bed and board,
 Or see her kingdom burn in higher flames
 Than his for her: yet (for his spirit shames
 To war with women) if she can find out
 One man in all her realm, that is so stout,
 In her defence with him his sword to try,
 He'll bravely win her, or he'll bravely die.
 Her courtiers quail'd at this, who knew his force,
 Could not be parallel'd by man and horse.

Nor

Nor could it chuse but make the Queen look black,
 Not pale. Th' interpreter at Jones his back,
 Rounds in his ear this proud imperious speech;
 Had she been thence, h' had bid him kiss his breech
 For this proud message: up; howe'er, he starts,
 And this loud answer with his mouth he farts;
 Go tell Balladet Cham Mombaza's King,
 One Mars begot in's wrath will have a fling
 With him ere night, that one who at one breath,
 Don Dego and Gonzago did to death,
 Will look him dead; nor will I only be
 This Princess' champion, but (thy Cham to see)
 I'll walk thro' beds of scorpions: for I hear
 He dares enough, and I can brook no peer.
 This high reply ne'er mov'd the haughty Cham,
 Let Jones be what he will he's still the same.
 The day's his own before the fight's begun:
 Were Mars himself instead of Mars his son.
 A back and breast and helmet strong he dond,
 Well wrought and varnish'd by some Indian hand,
 A whale-bone bow he takes of special strength,
 With arrows barb'd, at least two yards in length:
 A crooked scimiter whose edge was flint,
 Quaintly conjoin'd and some tough spell was in't,
 To make it proof against the strength of steel.
 Oft had this sword made head-strong Giants reel.
 By his right side a massy mace he hangs,
 With which his sturdy foes to death he bangs;
 A buckler like a Spanish ruff he wore
 About his neck, full half yard deep, or more:
 He wore not this for his defence, or grace,
 But to keep off his urine from his face.
 For you must know that member was still mounted:
 The bravest woman's man on earth accounted.
 And thus prepar'd, this lusty termagant,
 Ascends his castle on his Elephant.
 And then advanceth to a spacious green,
 Before the castle of this maiden Queen,

I

A brave

66 THE WONDERFUL VOYAGES

A brave Arabian courser is prepar'd
 For Jones, his own true arms he dons for guard,
 Llwelin's sword to do; and so descends
 Down to the Green, where the fierce Cham attends.
 Jones was to seek what kind of fight were best,
 To make against this Giant and his beast.
 Both far exceed in strength himself and horse,
 And therefore art must now be join'd with force:
 Now breast to breast, a nimble charge, and gone,
 His ready steed as soon comes off as on.
 Had not the well-try'd arms he wore prov'd true,
 The Cham's smart whale-bone bow had made him
 rue
 This bold attempt: but what can whale's weak
 bones,
 When whales themselves came short to swallow
 Jones?

Thus thrice he charg'd, and thrice he came off clear,
 At last he came close up in full career,
 And turning short, the horse's hind feet slipp'd
 Thro' which mischance the carry-castle ripp'd.
 His bowels forth, with's tusk; down falls the horse:
 The furious beast clasp'd Jones with his proboscis;
 And mounts him high; but in his rise he found,
 The means to give Bahader's face a wound,
 And cuts in th' instant off, the trunk that clasp'd him:
 So down the Elephant was forc'd to cast him.
 This hard exploit none ere perform'd before,
 But one of Cæsar's * soldiers and no more.
 The wounded beast enrag'd with pain cries out
 With hideous voice, and plung'd and pranc'd about
 The Green, till from his seat the Prince he throw'd;
 And then (for by the Cham from his first growth,
 This feat he had been taught) tho' mad with pain,
 He strives to mount him on his back again.
 But Jones had lopp'd off his strong trunk before,
 Whereby he could perform this feat no more.

* Read the Commentaries *De bello Africano*.

Here

Here Jones denies he bred this docile beast,
 Taught to his hand, he got him to the East;
 And his report must have belief before us,
 Who swears it was the same that carry'd Porus
 Against the Macedon. I cannot see
 How by wise Nature's rules this thing should be,
 Unless in Pliny's volumes it appears,
 That Elephants may live two thousand years.
 Now Jones leaps up in haste, and swiftly flies,
 With sword in hand, where bruis'd Bahader lies;
 And ere he could get up, one washing stroke,
 His head and buckler from his shoulders took;
 Which when 'twas off, they may compare't that
 will,
 To the grim St. John's head on Ludgate-Hill.
 His numerous army struck with grief and fright
 At his sad fate, betook itself to flight;
 And thus was No-land's Queen redeem'd by Jones
 From bondage, rape, and No-land's loss at once.
 Now if she lov'd our Captain well before,
 In reason she must love him ten times more;
 Which she express'd, by laying at his foot
 Her people, No-land, and herself to boot:
 But whether 'twas the god of love's deep curse,
 That she refus'd for better, or for worse,
 Those mighty Princes which to her he sent,
 To make her doat on a non-resident;
 Flings snow-balls at his heart, and flames at her's;
 To keep conjunction from these errant stars;
 Or whether Jones his genitals had got,
 Some lame defect by Skink's late desperate shot,
 And so his noble heart made him refuse,
 What having got he could not rightly use.
 'Tis not in me to judge, but this I know,
 Her violent fires scorch'd her, and him his snow,

* Read Curtius touching that Elephant of Porus, who of-
 ten remounted his master with his trunk in that battle be-
 tween him and Alexander.

So cold that, to avoid her amorous sight,
 He leaves her court, and steals to sea by night;
 So Jason us'd Medea erst, but he's
 So wise to take with him the golden fleece,
 Which Jones contemn'd to do, and thought himself,
 When safe return'd, his country's mine of wealth.
 No certain ground I have here to relate,
 This great deserted Queen's unhappy fate;
 But Sir John Mandeville's, who doth deliver,
 As Jones reports, he came soon after thither,
 And found the people's outside all in black;
 A sad expression for their Princess' wreck.
 Who told him lately there arriv'd a man,
 All white, who for them wond'rous things had done.
 Redeem'd their Queen and kingdom from the shame
 Of rape and rapine, which Bahader Cham
 Came there to act, and was in open field,
 By this white man in single combat kill'd.
 Their Queen enamour'd with this matchless man;
 Refus'd and left by him: when nothing can
 Quench her wild fires but Carthage Queen's hard
 fate,
 Whilst on the clift with pensive thoughts she fate,
 A sudden spring she gave, and so commends
 Herself to sea, where life and love she ends.
 No more of this sad stuff; let's all at once
 Join in a joyful welcome home to Jones.
 In six months sail he steers by Goodwin sands,
 Casts anchor at the Downs; the next day lands,
 Hastes to the Queen at London, there expresses
 Every particular of his addresses
 To Prester John; the great affairs success
 As she desir'd: lastly, in his progress,
 He might have married the great Queen of No-land;
 But this the Queen gave credit to at no hand,
 'Till 'twas confirm'd by Sir John Mandeville,
 Whose strange reports they may believe that will."

Now

Now let us well observe the happy fate,
 Which still provided for the Queen and state.
 Jones had not rested fully three days here,
 But out there breaks a great and fearful fire
 Of strong rebellion; and to quench it, none's
 So fit in common sense, as Captain Jones.
 Brave Essex thro' affronts turn'd malecontent,
 Hatches in's breast a desperate intent,
 To seize the person of the Queen, and those
 He found most near about her his strong foes.
 Her Grace and counsel call for Jones, to know
 What in his judgment now were best to do.
 Who first her gracious pardon doth beseech,
 And then delivers this short pithy speech.
 First guard the Court with Westminster's strong
 bands,
 Call in the neighbouring Counties by commands:
 Out with your household men, shut up your gates;
 We'll make your foes turn tail with broken pates.
 Then call to you the richest of your Cits;
 But seek no cash; for in their bags their wits
 Are close knit up; but only thus much make
 Them know, their wives and fortunes lye at stake;
 That they shall want no succour, whilst your hand
 Can grasp the sword, and sceptre of this land.
 Thus arm their hearts, and rouse them from their
 beds,
 And then let us alone to arm their heads.
 She now requires, that Jones in person go
 To Essex, his intents to sound and know;
 To use all fairest means that may reduce him,
 From those lewd ways, to which lost men seduce
 him.
 He undertakes it; hastens to the Lord,
 And is admitted in as soon as heard.
 And here he finds Sir Walter Raleigh with him;
 Some ill was in't, his fancy straight doth give him.

He

He knew he came not to the Earl for good,
 But to provoke him to some madder mood;
 Therefore from thence our Jones doth Raleigh rate,
 Shaking his martial truncheon o'er his pate:
 Bids him pack thence to th' knaves of his Grand
 Jury,

He'll make him else th' example of his fury.
 Raleigh was wise, and rul'd by his best sense;
 Gives place to time, and so withdraws from thence,
 Then Jones these counsels to the Earl began,
 How full of dangers were the ways he ran,
 How weak his power; much less unto the force
 Of England's, than his rein-deer's to a horse.
 Thus his brave family must be destroy'd,
 His honour's lost, his ancient house made void:
 Beside, his cause was naught; for tho' himself
 Ne'er read the laws of this great Commonwealth,
 Yet he had heard some Lawyer say long since,
 There was no law to captivate our Prince.
 Thus all the harmless blood that shall be spilt
 In this bad cause, must lye on Essex guilt.
 Lay hand on heart most noble Peer, (quoth Jones)
 The Queen can pardon, and enrich at once.
 Be you but good; she can be gracious,
 Your own experience can inform you thus.
 Thus Jones possess'd his noble heart so far;
 He is resolv'd to wave the chance of war;
 Himself and house he yields unto the Queen,
 And her cold mercy, which too soon was seen.
 This is the last great act I can relate,
 Of his good service for the Queen and state:
 Rewards fit for his worth there were prepar'd,
 Which his high spirit pass'd by without regard:
 And his great Queen was seriously bent,
 To put him in some place of government;
 But Nature only taught the man to fight,
 And his rude mother not to read and write.

Which

Which was the chiefest cause that made him hate,
 To be employ'd in mysteries of state.
 Besides, he was not pleas'd that her Grace,
 Cut off this noble man before his face,
 Whom he brought in; it may be his own lot,
 With axe or cord for nought to go to pot.
 Thus ignorance, a discontented mind,
 And worth ill weigh'd, do make him fall behind
 Occasion's lock, which lost, he never more,
 Tho' bred and breath'd on hills, shall get before.
 Now time and bruises, and much loss of blood,
 Had made Jones feel cold age was not so good
 As fiery youth; he needs must find a fail
 Of what he was, declin'd from top to tail.
 Which made him wish he might put up his rest,
 And breathe his last in his own country's breast.
 And for this cause he went unto her Grace,
 And begg'd of her a Muster-master's place,
 In Wales, near his first home; where he may spend
 His latter days in peace, and in it end:
 And yet to leave behind his martial art,
 To Wales' posterity, before he part.
 This suit with speed and readiness is granted,
 And so to Wales our Muster-master's jaunted.
 Here many years he spent in telling more,
 Or less of those strange things he did before:
 At last in his old age he grows so wild,
 He needs must marry, to beget a child.
 Which tho' he miss'd, the mastery he must have
 O'er every sex, Jones sent her to her grave.
 Devotion now with his old age increast,
 He meditates thrice every day at least.
 His only prayer was the Absolution
 In our old Liturgy, with some confusion
 Of short ejaculations in his bed,
 For some old slips, and for the blood he shed;
 Especially for those six Kings he kill'd,
 Without remorse at the Juzippian field:

At

78 THE WONDERFUL VOYAGES

At last death comes, whose power he defied,
From first to last, and thus he liv'd and dy'd.

Now you wild blades that make loose inns your
stage,
To vapour forth the acts of this sad age,
Your Edghill fight, the Newberries and the West,
And Northern clashes, where you still fought best:
Your strange escapes, your dangers void of fear,
When bullets flew between the head and ear:
Your *pia maters* rent, perish'd your guts,
Yet live, as then ye had been but earthen butts:
Whether you fought by damme, or the spirit,
To you I speak, still waving men of merit,
Be modest in your tales, if you exceed
My Captain's hard achievements, I'll proceed
Once more to imp my rural Muse's wings,
And turn my lyre so high, I'll break her strings,
But I will reach ye, and thence raise such laughter,
As shall continue for five ages after.

The CAPTAIN'S ELEGY.

AND art thou gone brave man! hath conq'ring
death
Put a full period to thy blust'ring breath?
Thus hath she play'd her master piece? and here
Fix'd her *nil supra* on thy sable bier?
'Scap'st thou those hideous storms, those horrid fights,
With many giants, cruel beasts, fierce Knights?
Such dangerous stratagems, such foes intrapping,
And now hath death don't? sure she took thee
napping;
For had'st thou been awake to use thy sword,
She would have shunn'd thee, and havet'ne thy word
For thy appearance, till the last return
Of her long term. Or did thy mettle burn,
Thro' thy chap'd clay unto Elysium's shades,
T' encounter with the ghosts of those old blades,
Great

Great Cæsar, Scipio, Hannibal; 'cause here
 Thy fiery spirit could not find its peer?
 How could'st thou else find time to fold thy arms
 In thy still grave, now Mars rains bloody storms,
 On Christian earth? great Austria would be ours
 Without pitch'd field, without beleaguering tow'rs:
 Wert thou but here, thy sword would strike the stroke,
 To break or bring their neck to Britain's yoke.
 Perhaps it was the providence of Fate,
 To snatch thee up, lest thou shouldest come too late,
 Now soldiers drop, pell mell, whose souls might thrust
 Thine from the chiefest place, which thou from first
 Hast gain'd on earth; now what shall England do?
 Limp like some grandame that hath lost her shoe.
 But case a new Tyrone again should spring
 From his old urn, no some such furious thing
 As fierce Mac-kill-cow, where were then our Jones,
 To bring these rebels on their marrow-bones?
 Or say, 'gainst Spain our pikes we re-advance,
 For their old sack, as such a thing may chance,
 Where shall we then find out that martial man,
 That kill'd six thousand with nine score? he's gone.
 And we that lick the dish that Homer lapt in,
 What fury now shall our dull brains be wrap'd in?
 We must go sing Sir Launcelot and rehearse,
 Old Huan's villainous prose in wilder verse;
 Or else put up our pipes, and all at once,
 Cry farewell wit: all's gone with Captain Jones.
 Well, go thy ways (old blade th' hast done thy share,
 For things beyond belief time (never fear)
 Will give thee being here: th' hast left us stuff,
 To build thy Pyramid, more than enough,
 To equal Cair's, and happily 'twill out last it,
 So with thy glorious deeds we may rough cast it:
 Farewel great soul, and take this praise with many;
 Except thy foes, thou ne'er did'st harm to any:
 And thus far let our Muse thy loss deplore,
 Well she may sigh, but she shall ne'er sing more.

HIS EPI T A P H.

TREAD softly (mortals) o'er the bones,
Of the world's wonder, Captain Jones:
Who told his glorious deeds to many,
But never was believ'd of any:
Posterity let this suffice,
He swore all's true, yet here he lyes.

F I N I S.

12 AP 58

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